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Selections.

THE NEGRO QUESTION AT THE WEST.

INTERESTING TALKS WITH SLAVES.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas,
Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1861.

ONE evening last summer, soon after the war-spirit had been touched to a more vivid flame by the disaster at Manassas, I was standing near the office of *The Congressional Globe*, in that magnificent Pennsylvania avenue which is one of the features of Washington. The sharp rattle of forty drums stirred the still summer air with martial ardor, as a New York regiment went marching by on its way from the railroad depôt to quarters. The resonant clang of a distant military band came floating up from the neighborhood of the Capitol, and mingled in strange harmony with the streaming sunset, whose penciled rays of crimson and gold shot athwart the west, had touched with fairy brilliancy and vividness the gorgeous pile which, at the eastern end of that magnificent pathway, held the National Council Halls. All the proportions of that superb building were brought out, as if by fire. The long rows of windows gleamed and glittered in the light, which, shooting over pillar, and architrave, portico and unfinished dome, seemed to dwell longest and most lovingly amid the radiant folds of the National flag, whose silken breadth just rippled by the languid August wind, gathered, as in a focus, the kindred rays of crimson with which the day had lovingly saluted it. It seemed to nestle amid the parti-colored bars, and to kiss the azure field, whose undimmed orbs promised a future for the Union, worthy of its high and holy symbols—the peaceful and eternal stars.

It was a sight never to be erased from memory, and yet not so much that its beauty and brilliancy fastened it indelibly there, as did a humbler incident which has lent to the evening much of its significance to a mind somewhat reminiscent and a life which has been full of stirring events.

The regular tread of the armed patriots mingled with the rattle of the drums, the stirring strain of the warlike bugle, and the full rich resonance of the advancing band. But it was not on these I was looking, or to them listening, so much as to the low conversation of a party of negro women, who, from the adjacent alley, had come forth to look upon the passing pageant. They were uncouth, even grotesque in appearance, as Africans need be, yet in the full light of their tropical eyes, and in every lineament of their swarth faces, was a wrapt expression of eager, intense interest. They were talking of the war, and intelligently, and as gathered from the phrases I caught, of its effect upon their own condition as a race.

One middle-aged woman, whose eyes wore a faded, hopeless expression, which told of years of unrequited toil, and doubtless of children born and reared only for the auction-block, exclaimed in louder tones than the rest, and which had a touch of pitiful despair in them:

"Aunt Sally, I doesn't believe it. It won't help us. De Yankee whites won't fight for the poor nigger, anyhow."

As she finished with a most doleful sigh, which, in spite of its woe, was almost ludicrous, Aunt Sally, to whom this was addressed, and whose face was glistening with enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"Well! I prays to de Lord to bress dem soldiers, ebery one. They's fighting our battles, I tells you! De Lord knows, if dey don't. *Dey works better than dey knows.* Bress de Lord."

The dark faces faded from my sight with the resplendent sunset, while the heavy tread of men, mingled with the thrilling strains of martial music, passed from my hearing; but far into the night I paced the lonely avenue, and beneath the calm azure and the golden August stars, pondered over the problem which Aunt Sally's hopeful, jubilant utterance had given shape and substance to. Truly, "*Dey works better than dey knows.*"

Months have passed away, the red tide of war has flowed on, hearts have ached in spite of the bounding rush of holy enthusiasm which sweeps over all of us; and with some ebbing here and there in the current, the great representative army of civilization has steadily swept more and more sternly against this black and barbaric rebellion. Yet still we "fight better than we know," and not only in reconstructing a nation, but in liberating a race, have the Northmen been busy this battle-year now drawing to a close.

Since the incident above described, I have seen many as striking, in connection with this race and their condition. In all their trials, patient devotion and faith in the eternal love which watches over them is something marvellous. It may be that some cool, analytical reader of Buckle, or worshipper of Reason, can prove that this is but one of the evidences of their inferior condition and development, but to me it is full of beauty, and with them, though all unconsciously, it bears most glorious uses.

Out here on the border, amid the wild, and as it is generally considered eastward, barbaric warfare the Kansans wage, one would hardly think room or time could be found for a close study of this contraband question. Yet there is nowhere in the broad Union, where so much thought, and so general a unanimity, has been arrived at as in this State. It is fitting, perhaps, this should be baptized, as Kansas has been, in the crusading spirit by her own stern conflicts.

Thinking some scenes witnessed by your correspondent, and jotted down in his note-book, might be of interest to the readers of *The Times*, he has been led into the above strain by turning over its leaves, as memory recalled and imagination painted the various incidents which they preserved.

Here is one record. On different pages of this book I find written the names of the individuals liberated from slavery, one day, during the late trip into Jackson County, Missouri, the details of which your correspondent has given in his letters. The names spoken of are those of the slaves of secessionists, set free on our advent into the town of Independence, some months since. One man, a rebel captain, loses thirteen slaves, Tom, wife and three children; Jane and two children, Jerry and wife, and three others half grown, Bill, Anna and Julia. Another lost eight, another five, some twenty-one each, others two or three—in all thirty-nine women, twenty-six children and twenty-three men—making eighty-eight persons. One thing was very plainly discernible, and that was the paler hue of the younger members of this party over the elder ones. All along the border the fair skin of the Saxon struggles for mastery with the swarthy color of the African, in the faces of the younger race of slaves. Most of the women were of the house-servant class, and among them were a number of good-looking quadroons, who doubtless understood all the beauties of that "peculiar institution" which robs the mother of both virtue and child, and then sells the body, no longer desirable for lustful purposes, to the nearest slave shambles. But the scene in Independence that day, to me, was full of a strange, sad ludicrousness, yet to them—the slaves—the one hour of jubilee to which so many had looked forward. As we dashed into town, the dark faces were seen on every corner, hastening from many houses, bundle on back, and gathering on every street. A number of servants attached to the various companies were with the command. These, not being under orders, quickly scattered over town, and wherever I rode during that day I found one or more of them busily engaged in transferring the goods and chattels of secession masters to various vehicles which the contrabands had obtained by means unknown.

Let me describe one scene, as I chanced to overhear it. A black man, servant to one of the Captains, has found an old-time sweetheart, in the person of a pretty yellow girl. Her mistress was a widow, but had a son in Price's army. She, too, was a secessionist without disguise. Beside this girl, she owned a man, woman and child. It seems the mistress was kind, and "Julia" stood divided for some minutes between freedom and that idea of duty which it is said the slave holds to its master—between affection for lover and mistress. The first triumphed, and Julia began to gather her "traps" when "missus" made her appearance.

"Where are you going, Julia?" she asked.

"Gwine away, mistress."

"But how dare you go without asking me?"

"If you please, mistress, Joe wants me."

"And who's Joe?"

"That's me, marm," spoke up that individual.

"You;" and the scornful expression with which our lady friend spoke told plainly of the contempt she had for Joe's rather belligerent appearance. Finding Julia was already going, her mistress changed her tone from authority to appeal. She asked if she hadn't been kind, etc., etc., to all of which the girl responded not a word. When ready, she turned and said: "Good-bye, Mistress. I wouldn't go, but the Lord's day has come, and we poor slaves are free."

She turned and went to the waggon, which was about to leave, when the others, who had disappeared in the early part of the colloquy, came rushing out of some outbuilding, screaming frantically not to be left behind, and loaded down with immense bundles of bedding and clothing, with which they packed the vehicle. The last I saw or heard of our secession lady friend, she was wringing her hands piteously and screaming to let her niggers alone. Thus the work went on.

The public square was crowded with a motley array of vehicles, loaded with bad furniture, clothing, etc., hastily packed therein. Here was a dilapidated family carriage, drawn by a pair of oddly matched farm horses, and filled inside with a heterogenous admixture of goods and persons. Close by stood a substantial waggon, drawn by two yoke of oxen, and filled with the plunder belonging to a dozen grinning contrabands. A bag of meal, in juxtaposition to that yellow girl's carefully preserved bonnet-box; a bundle of bedding and a rocking-chair, with boxes, bundles, provisions, furniture, such as looking-glasses, etc., all were mingled in strange confusion; carriages, buggies, waggons, horses, mules and oxen, some appropriately harnessed, others with an extemporized arrangement, formed, together with the many darkies of all grades of color and size, a motley crowd, which one who liked to see strange as well as significant sights, might well travel far to behold. It would puzzle the most graphic word-painter to describe the scene in all its picturesque grotesqueness. We moved from the town, and as I rode down the long line of contraband persons and vehicles, I could hear numbers of them crowing over their "Bress de Lord," and occasionally one would break out into "Glory," or chant the refrains of some camp-meeting hymn. Some mishaps occurred on the road, owing to the hurried packing. One waggon broke down and had to be left. The poor contrabands looked mournfully on their scattered "household goods," but moved on with the command. A waggon was, however, sent back to get their things. As we passed out of the town, I saw another melancholy group by the roadside—a man and woman who had lugged a huge bundle of bedding and clothing to the road, but could not find room on the waggon. They seemed to value their goods too much to leave them, and the piteous struggle was ludicrous to behold. They were left, as we supposed, behind, but next morning I found both in camp. In reply to the question, "What they had done with the bundle?" the man said: "Well, massa, we'd thought freedom better than clothes, so we left them."

That night in camp was a jolly one. It was after dark when the command got in, and till long after the bugle had sounded the call to put out lights, every camp-fire was thronged with crowds of merry soldiers and jubilant black boys, whom they were encouraging in displaying their exuberant joy at being free. A dozen fiddles could be heard scraping in various parts of the long rows of tents, making music for a score or two of merry feet, which the darkies were using in the "toe and heel, double shuffle breakdown," wherein they excel. Outside the streets of tents, but within the lines, the women of the party were camped round the fires, whose flame lit up in ruddy glare the earnest though anxious faces of the mother who doubted, yet feared what would become of her child, or more likely mourned for those who, sold South, were for life separated from her. There was a good deal of love-making going on. Several husbands and wives were reunited by that day's work. I saw Joe and Julia sitting close together by a lone fire near the outskirts of the camp, apparently perfectly content with themselves and the rest of the world. Conversing with the different groups, I was struck with two or three things, one of which was the little malice discernable in their natures. I do not remember hearing one harsh word or revengeful feeling expressed against those who had stolen their labor, stripped their bodies, and whose purse perhaps still held the gold which had been obtained for the sale, oftentimes, of their (the sellers') own children. Another was the general and pervading doubt as to what would become of them, which, in spite of their habitual caution, would display itself. Many undoubtedly feared those who had brought them away might sell them to a worse bondage. Yet, even with this fear, there was not one but what was anxious to come away with us.

Besides those who were thus brought in, there were many visitors from the town and adjacent farms, who had taken advantage of the night to come to camp, and see if "De good Lord wouldn't help them, too!" It seems rather irreverent to speak of the Lord and the "Jay Hawkers" in the same breath, but it was often done that night.

One old woman, a strange, dry, withered old crone, wrinkled and black, and bent nearly double, came hobbling up to me, stick in hand. Some of the soldiers had pointed me out, and informed her that I knew all about it.

"Well, Granny, and what can we do for you?" I asked, as she came up.

"Oh, bress you, master, I's wants to be one of de good Lord's childer, too."

"Why, granny, what can you do?"

"A heap of things, master; cook and wash—oh, you ought to see dis old nigger wash all day. I can do a heap. Dey's keep me all day washing—makes me work hard. Do let me be one of de good Lord's childer, too."

"Who do you belong to?"

"Mr. —— owns me (naming a milk-and-water secessionist in the vicinity), and he's sold all my childer, too."

In reply to inquiries, it appears the poor old crone had had four children, all of whom had been taken from her, and sold "down South." Her errand that night was not so much for herself as for a neighbor's servants, whom she described as most harshly treated. Nor was she the only one begging for aid. One old man wanted his wife, another his sister, another his mother, some their children; and so it went on, showing in a striking light that in this, as in other things, the black man had the same instincts, intuitions and feelings as the white man. The divine fire of liberty had burned into a steady white flame in their hearts, as well as in those of prouder and more boastful races. It showed, too, how the bubble of contentment was blown to its fullest extent, until the lightest breath has caused it to collapse.

Next morning I observed that our stock of contrabands had again increased. All I could tell about it was, that some of the officers' servants had obtained leave to pass the lines.

The command being about to move, and women and children being out of place in camp, it became necessary to make arrangements to move our large family. By request of Col. Jennison, your correspondent undertook the task. All the contrabands were gathered into one portion of the camp. Many of them repaired there with fear and trembling, and being informed that some imagined that they were going to be sold, I addressed a few words to them, assuring them that they would be sent to Kansas, and that we only wanted to ascertain their masters' names, &c., so as to intelligently aid them away. The names in my pocketbook were the result. The families were first disposed of, then the single women and men. Some half dozen of the younger ones wanted to stay in camp as cooks, etc. They stayed of course. After ascertaining the exact number, the size of the various families, and the extent of their means, which were, of course, but limited, in which Lieut. Hoyt, of John Brown, Jr.'s Company assisted materially, I addressed them briefly, telling them that in the morning we should send them into a free State, where they would be secure from their masters. It was to be hoped that no one among them would, in their new homes, do anything to bring disgrace upon themselves and race, or upon the efforts of those who had exerted themselves to free them from bondage. Where they were going they would doubtless have many disadvantages, and at first some of them might not obtain even as many comforts as they had at Independence, but they must remember that all these things were more than balanced by freedom. They must try to overcome prejudices against them which had been born of their condition, education and surroundings. They must always live sober and industrious lives, and so always respect themselves, and do honor to their people. Those who had children should strive by every means to give them education. It is this which gives the white man power, and it would help them. Above all, let them remember one thing—that it is better always to be a *dead man than a live slave*. You are free now, never be slaves again. You understand what is meant by this advice. Those who risk life and position to give you freedom expect this of you.

The next morning about one hundred and ten were provided with teams and provisions, which were suitably divided among them. About thirty came to this place, having obtained employment. Some ten of them were hired by a farmer who was in camp to go to the neighborhood of Lawrence, and as I learn, most of the others have obtained employment in the interior.

Since that day several small parties have been forwarded, until the number will reach nearly three hundred. It becomes a serious question what we shall do with them. They are of course not the most desirable population; still, so far, they have not been a burden to the people of Kansas. The lack of labor, owing to the general enlistment, has been advantageous to these people. Were it not for the fear of recapture, which besets them so constantly, larger numbers might be provided. This fear, however, prevents them from scattering over the country and keeps them congregated in the towns which shelter them. There is danger in this respect of their becoming a nuisance.

With regard to the general question of using the slave element, there is but one opinion in Kansas. Here we understand the weakness of our enemy in this respect better than any other community. Here, too, we are in earnest, and it is because our warfare is of that "revolutionary" character deplored by the President that we make it so effective. The soldiers, as well as the people of Kansas, are emphatically, in favor of arming and otherwise effectively using the slaves to put down the rebellion and make themselves free.

But whether the Congress of the Union shall adopt the President's negative policy—that of letting slavery fall of its own weight; or putting into form Cameron's positive policy—that of making slaves help to put the rebellion down, and *thus* become free, win a title to the gratitude of the whites and educate themselves to that manliness which force and courage alone can give to a race that has been subjected—whether this is done or not, the end of that atrocious "destitution," as Emerson phrases it, has come. In spite of reverence grown of fear, the soldiers of the Union have verified the predictions of Aunt Sally—"Bress de Lord, dey works better than dey know." R.

WHAT THE SLAVES THINK OF THE WAR.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., Monday, Dec. 9, 1861.

As soon as the negroes come to camp and express a desire to remain, they are conducted to Maj. Beard, of the Forty-eighth Regiment, the Provost-Marshal, who questions each one separately, and the answers are recorded in a book. In this way sometimes important information respecting the country and the rebels is obtained. I was present the other day at one of the Provost-Marshal's examinations. A group of negroes stood before the tent—ragged, squalid, yet apparently happy. Each of them was questioned, and the burden of every story was *the desire to be free.* Suppose I give the answers of these people, and you will have a fair illustration of what they think is the object of the war. The first said:

"I name Judy. I work wid de hoe, and belonged to Jeems Wells. I dunno how old I is; I can wash and cook. I doesn't want to go back to my master—he lick me too much and treat me too bad; he lick me three or four times a week. All we get to eat was a peck o' corn and half a bushel potatoes. We have no salt 'cept what we makes from bilin' salt water."

The second said:

"I named Abram, and belonged to Ephraim Bennett, who lived at Calahogue Point; I don't know my age; I am a hoe-man; I can cut wood and handle it pretty good; I came here to work; Massa burn cotton up de next day after de fight and run off. My wife is still on the place. I come here to work and be free. I like to work to make my living. I can't live without work. Massa wanted we niggers to go 'way with him, but we want come to Yankees 'cause he treat us too bad. We hear you come down 'long time ago. Massa said de Yankees would take the niggers and sell us in Cuba, and want us to fight, but we talk it over, and agreed to come to de Yankees. When Massa ran away he shot one man' lip off, who refused to follow him. I want to be free. I know freemen have to work—can't live without work. Dere's great difference between free and slave. When you free you work and de money b'long to yourself."

Cudjoe, a boy, said he belonged to Mr. George Edwards, and lived on Spring Island. He came into camp to work; he could row a boat, drive horses, do anything; left Massa 'cause he had been treated bad; had to pick eighty weight of cotton every day, and all had to eat was a peck of corn a week; had to take his chances to fish in the creek to make a living; had no salt 'cept what he get by bilin' salt water to season victuals.

Stephen, aged 25, belonged to Ephraim Bennett. He wanted to get work; had been a house servant, and Massa had treated him well sometimes; but he rather be a free man and work for himself, than be a slave and work in de cold and rain and everything.

Henry, aged 35, belonged to Mrs. John Mills, at Beaufort. He cum in 'cos he likes to be with de army; would like to cut a cord of wood very well; Mrs. Mills's overseer wanted to carry him away to main land, but he wouldn't go; "If dey catch me now de'll kill me; I wants to be free; I came in from plantation and don't want to go back; I don't want to be a slave again; I'se willin' to work; de overseer's name McMillan; he's putty bad man; he came from Scotland."

James, aged 18, belonged to old Arthur Rose, who was in the bank at Charleston. He "worked with the hoe," and came in to be free.

William, aged 48, belonged to Prelo Chisholm, and worked on the main land, although his master's residence was in Beaufort, where he sometimes came. He came to camp to be free, and to work for himself.

Jefferson and Quabner, boys, about 13, came to de Yankees because the overseer gave them too much work to do, and they did not have enough to eat. He used to whip them if he caught them getting fish from the creek.

Gabriel, an intelligent man, about 28 years of age, said that he was a tailor, and worked for Charles Morgan, of Beaufort. He came in to work at his trade. His master ran off after the fort was taken, and wanted him to follow, but he was not fool enough to do so. While sitting in the back room of the shop he often heard Mr. Morgan talk with customers about the Yankees coming down, and read in the papers that when Lincoln was elected the soldiers would be sent down to free the niggers. The niggers, therefore, had been on the look-out for the Yankees for a long time. He wanted to be free. He used to think it very hard when he worked like a "good fellow" for his master all the week, up to eight o'clock at night, and earned him $10, for Saturday night to come, and all he got himself, to support his family, was one single dollar. He used to work very honest for his master, but he rejoiced for this day.

I have visited half a dozen or more plantations on this and other islands, and conversed with at least one hundred negroes, in order to learn their sentiments respecting the war. Without exception, all impress me with the opinion that it is their belief that the war has been undertaken solely to emancipate them. They are continually arriving, families together, in dug-outs from the islands on Broad River, bringing all their household effects, and finding shelter at the plantations on the islands which we occupy. They do not hesitate at all about appropriating the sweet potatoes, honey, corn, or whatever else edible that they find. The mud-flats in all the bayous about here are thickly spread with oysters, and these form the staple article of consumption. The supply is apparently inexhaustible, and without it the poor creatures would have to go hungry. It is singular to see them crouching over the pine wood fires, occupying the rooms which so recently were sacred to their masters, roasting their oysters and potatoes, and for the most part seemingly indifferent as to what next happens to them. They are excessively polite to the Yankees, and garrulous beyond measure. I have not yet found a solitary instance where a negro has admitted that he has been kindly treated when a slave. Indeed, all labor to convey the idea that their lot has been hard, and they hope to escape from it through Yankee intervention. Nearly every one tells some amusing story of how "Massa" ran when the fort was taken. "Why, Massa," said one of them to me, "we's looked for dis day ever since I was so high (placing his hand upon the head of an imaginary child two feet from the floor), and bress de Lord it's come at last. Oh! Massa, how the white folks did run when the ships threw dem brick-bats into the fort. Dey couldn't stand dem *rotten shot* (meaning the bursting shells) no how. Dey run and nebber stop till dey get to Bluffton. Dey scared half to death." I could narrate many other conversations with the refugees, but the tenor of them is all the same.

WAR SONGS FOR THE ARMY AND THE PEOPLE.

BY PLEBS.

From The Chicago Tribune.

PREFATORY NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—*Plebs* does not like the word "nigger," which occurs so frequently below. He never uses it of his own accord, and employs it now as a quotation simply, it being a current word with the class represented. *Plebs* had composed a tune to this song No. 1, but finding the measure to be the same as our celebrated National and comic air, "Yankee Doodle," he judges that the latter will be the best vehicle to carry his song to the hearts of the people at home and in the camp. In the seventh stanza, *Plebs* uses no other political names than "Democrat" and "Whig," because "fossils" are all specimens unearthed from those ancient parties. Should supposed "Republican" specimens be produced, they will prove to be nothing but petrified Whigs with a new label.

THE OLD FOGY'S APPEAL; OR, "DO NOT TOUCH THE NIGGER."

AIR—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

OLD fogies sing on every hand—
The little men and bigger;
Wage war against the rebel band,
But do not touch "the Nigger!"

Strike any other martial blow,
And use extremest rigor,
But, lest you "irritate the foe,"
Oh, do not touch "the Nigger!"

Let every rifle drop a man,
Whene'er ye draw the trigger;
Aim at what vital part you can,
But do not touch "the Nigger!"
Chorus.

'Tis true, their slaves a profit yield
Of the very "highest figger";
They work them hard in trench and field,
But do not touch "the Nigger!"
Chorus.

What tho' they arm and drive the slave?
We do not care a fig, ah!
Let the Confederate banner wave,
But do not touch "the Nigger!"
Chorus.

Ye seamen in the Navy, toil,
From Commodore to rigger;
Bombard the forts, possess the soil,
But do not touch "the Nigger!"
Chorus.

Ye fossils, all, at Washington,
Who "Democrat" or "Whig" are,
Confiscate what the traitors own,
But do not touch "the Nigger!"
Chorus.

A million dollars every day,
Is a pretty costly "figger";
But *any* money let us pay
Rather than touch "the Nigger!"
Chorus.

The war dyes red our country's dust,
And every hour grows bigger;
But part with dearest friends we must,
Sooner than touch "the Nigger!"
Chorus.

Down with the agitators, then,
Who running such a rig are,
The reckless Abolition men,
Who wish to touch "the Nigger!"
Chorus.

Thus sings the fogy; of the grave
Of freedom he's the digger,
Denies all justice to the slave,
And whines, Touch not "the Nigger!"
But patriots who, the war to end,
Would wage it with all vigor,
Cry, To the heart the arrow send!
Give freedom to "the Nigger!"

Chorus for the last stanza.

This is the military blow,
The necessary rigor,
With which to subjugate the foe—
Give freedom to "the Nigger!"

THE NEW JOHN BROWN SONG.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—*Plebs* meant the following for No. 1 of his series, and sent it to the printer accordingly; but the copy was mislaid, so it comes in second. *Plebs* found that the air to the old song was uncommonly taking, but the words as meaningless as could be, so he has retained the first line and the chorus—"His soul is marching on; Glory, Hallelujah"—and made the rest of new cloth. If any one should be staggered at the language of the fourth stanza, let him remember that Christ is King as well as Priest; a Judge and Avenger as well as a Savior; and that the Bible that tells of the "*blood* of the Lamb, speaks also of the "*wrath* of the Lamb." As an Avenger, He has various providential forerunners, as He has various comings, and one of his predicted works is to deliver the poor and needy and slay their enemies. See the seventy-second Psalm, first fourteen verses. The music, with the words, can be had of Root & Cady, Clark Street.

I.

OLD John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
While weep the sons of bondage, whom he ventured all to save;
But though he lost his life in struggling for the slave,
His soul is marching on; Glory, Hallelujah!

II.

John Brown was a hero, undaunted, true and brave,
And Kansas knew his valor, when he fought her rights to save;
And now, though the grass grows green above his grave,
His soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

III.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so few,
And he frightened "Old Virginny" till she trembled through and through;
They hung him for a traitor, themselves a traitor crew,
But his soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

IV.

John Brown was John the Baptist, of the Christ we are to see—
Christ, who of the bondman shall the Liberator be;
And soon throughout the sunny South, the slaves shall all be free,
For his soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

V.

The conflict that he heralded, he looks from Heaven to view,
On the army of the Union, with its flag red, white and blue;
And Heaven shall ring with anthems o'er the deed they mean to do,
For his soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

VI.

Ye soldiers of Freedom, then strike while strike ye may,
The death-blow of oppression, in a better time and way;
For the dawn of old John Brown has brightened into day,
And his soul is marching on; Glory, etc.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONTRABANDS.

BEAUFORT, S. C., Dec. 9, 1861.

THE contrabands come in much more rapidly than to the camp at Port Royal. Perhaps two or three hundred are within the lines during the day. They are permitted for the present to return to the adjacent islands or mainland to bring over their families or commissary supplies, the intention of Gen. Stevens being to restrict their communications when they have no longer any reason for returning. If allowed outside the pickets they could not be prevented from leaving the island, boats being still numerous, though the rebels have destroyed all they could reach. Of course none have come by way of Port Royal Ferry, the other side of which is in possession of the rebels, and those who have succeeded in crossing from the mainland have only got away at risk of their lives, and generally have been obliged to leave wives and children behind. From Ladies' Island considerable quantities of provisions are brought over and given away or sold for almost nothing. The tables of the officers are supplied with game, poultry, eggs, milk, sweet potatoes, &c., almost entirely contraband contributions. The negroes bring also what is much more valuable, information concerning the country, topographical details, and the movements and forces of the rebels. Their accounts of the latter are partly from observation, often from conversations between the whites which they have overheard. Necessarily inaccurate in many instances, their statements are nevertheless, on the whole, consistent, trustworthy to a great extent, and of no little assistance, while reconnoissances or scouting parties on the mainland are as yet impossible. It sometimes happens, naturally enough, that they are eager to give good news, or what they suppose to be valuable information, and so give rather more than is very well founded, but their substantial honesty is undeniable. The general current of statements about themselves, their object in coming in, treatment by their masters, and the efforts made to capture and kill fugitives, is the same with those received at the camp below. If ever a fact was proved by the consistent testimony of hundreds of witnesses who have no possible chance of collusion with each other, the deliberate shooting of large numbers of slaves to prevent their escape is established, and here, at least, universally believed. So, in regard to the attempts by their masters to persuade the negroes that the Yankees were coming to kill them or sell them to Cuba—an assertion everywhere made and everywhere discredited by the slaves. Their belief that they should find friends in the hated Yankees could not be shaken—can only be unsettled by ourselves, if the ruling policy of this expedition should so determine. They do not always come with definite notions of escape from slavery into freedom, but always with the conviction that enemies to their masters must be friends to them. An old negro whom I closely questioned yesterday, into whose brain only the dimmest notions of liberty had found their way, seemed puzzled to guess the drift of the inquiries he tried to answer. At last he said that he couldn't tell whether he was to be free or not, but he came to us because he was sure that, whatever happened, his new masters couldn't be any worse than the old. Such cases, however, are exceptions. I have found few slaves so thoroughly debased by a life of servitude that they do not long for freedom for its own sake, and believe that they shall receive it at our hands. The guards are still maintained on all the roads leading hitherward, and escape is often extremely difficult. Instances are not uncommon where slaves left the plantation immediately on receipt of the news of our victory, which for them relocated the North Star and brought down the Canada line to Carolina itself, and have been hiding ever since in the woods and swamps, succeeding at last in eluding the guards and reaching the camps. Much greater numbers are still unable to come in, and perhaps the largest part of all have been carried inland by their masters beyond chance of immediate escape. The number in Barnwell is so great that provisions are already scarce, and to the slave, whose value as such has almost vanished, is left, perhaps, the choice between starvation and the bullet.—*Tribune.*

HERE AND THERE.

From The Express of December 11.

EVERY army officer has a right to throw up his commission. And *if Senators make officers' opinions against the impolicy and the folly of creating negro regiments of soldiers to march side by side with Americans, Irishmen, and Germans, the test as proposed, there is scarcely a General in the army who will stand it*—not even Gen. Banks, we suspect. *Bayonets, even, think!* But, if the Senators make the test, from all we can hear, the President of the United States will overrule them, and recommission such officers as stand up for their color, their race, their breed—as the superior race of the negro.

From The Herald of same day.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE—REPORT OF A DESERTER.—There are *two regiments of colored men at Centreville, under the command of Jordan, an old colored veteran of* 1812, having been a drummer-boy under Gen. Jackson. One of these numbers 1,000, and the other 1,400. *Two other colored regiments were sent to Missouri since the last battle there. These regiments are composed of both free and slave.* They are not allowed to do picket duty, but are drilled and encamped separate from the white men. *Their officers are all colored.*

—So it seems that the Confederate rebels not only have negro regiments, composed in part of slaves, in their main army, but negro Captains, Majors, and Colonels! Yet *The Express* asserts that if blacks are allowed to fight for the Union, as they do for disunion, *our* white officers will all resign! We cannot think so meanly of their patiotism.—*Tribune.*

The pro-slavery presses persist in denying the well established fact that there are companies and whole regiments of negroes in the military service of Jeff. Davis's Confederacy. Yet the proof that such is the fact accumulates daily, so that none but those who are determined not to see can entertain the slightest doubt. Here is evidence in point, copied from a letter dated New Orleans, September 25, 1861, written by Thomas Lunn, and published in the London *Herald* of November 15. The writer is an Englishman, from the town of Bury:

"There are 250 Yankee prisoners expected here this evening, and *there is a regiment of blacks detailed to escort the Northern gentlemen to the prison. That will be an honor to them.*"—*Ib.*

BORDER STATE PATRIOTISM.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

LOUISVILLE, Wednesday, Dec. 11, 1861.

THE substance of Mr. Wolfe's resolutions before the House is that Kentucky looks to the United States Constitution as slavery's surest foundation, and believes there is no security for its preservation outside of that Constitution; and the United States government has so far acted within the limits of the Constitution, and has always evinced a disposition to respect the rights of the slave States in the protection of their property; that the National government is justified in confiscating the property of armed rebels and their abettors, as a high national prerogative; that arming or emancipating the rebels' slaves would be repugnant and abhorrent to Kentucky sentiment, fraught with incalculable injury to Kentucky interests, to the rights of loyal Kentuckians, and of all other loyal or would-be loyal Southerners, and tending to strengthen and spread the rebel cause, to prolong and aggravate the war and extend its theatre, to break down the Union, break up the government, and involve the people of the whole country in a common ruin. Resolutions similar to Mr. Wolfe's have been presented by Col. Harney, Gen. Huston, of Clarke, and Judge Yeaman, of Daviess.

Col. Manson, of the Indiana Tenth, in a speech on the 9th to the Louisville ladies and gentlemen, who had presented his gallant men with an elegant silk flag, said, "You have been told this is an Abolition war; but let me say to you, in the name of the loyal men of Indiana, that we scorn the imputation. I say here to-day, and one thousand Indianians within the sound of my voice will bear me witness that it is an infamous lie. We wage no Abolition crusade. The preservation of this government is an object too sacred to be trammeled by collateral issues, and although desolation may be the fate of treason, wherever in arms, the Constitution, around which we rally as one man, is ample to protect every loyal citizen in his rights." The reported serenade speeches of Gov. Morton, Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, and Judge Smith, of Wisconsin, in Washington City, on the 7th, are warmly approved in Kentucky.

The Democrat, to-day, throws out these suggestions: "When the army occupies any portion of slave territory, and the slaves are deserted by their masters, there remains no civil law over them—the State laws are practically null, the State authority is gone through the dereliction of its officers, and the slaves thus become practically free. Ought they to be permitted to rove through the country, forbidden to be employed by the army, or ought the army to seize them? It certainly is a difficult question. They are temporarily at liberty, and may be rightfully used by the military in manual labor, for wages, or otherwise. We say employ them; set them to work at digging trenches, erecting batteries. Keep them under military discipline, thus stopping at once all the horrors that will follow turning them loose upon the country, and providing for them in a manner calculated to be beneficial to the country. The decision on the immediate and pressing question in the case stated, seemingly free from Constitutional objections, is for them to be employed by the army—the only authority existing in the particular district to control them."

Another question mooted hereabouts is, to keep the negro altogether outside of our military lines. The government is not responsible for the rebel masters deserting their slaves and letting them run loose. If the masters scorn the protection of the Constitution and the laws—take the chances of secession, and never recover their deserted, released and vagabond slaves, it is their concern, not the government's. If they spite themselves, bite off their own noses, cut their own throats, and themselves kill slavery, or render their slaves unserviceable and worthless, of no account or value, they cannot charge it to the government. Unless the slaveholders are speedily enabled and induced to rise up and shake off the horrid nightmare of secession, and thus stop the secession war, their slave system may inevitably become demoralized, disintegrated, shattered, by the self-inflictions of secession, by the very presence of secession's own armies and mobs, by the constant secession hue-and-cry of Abolition in earshot of the slaves, by the masters' desertion of the slaves and the slaves' desertion of their masters, by the war, tumult and confusion, and entire absence of peace, quiet, order and security in the heart of secessia. This disastrous suicide of rebel slavery may occur. Though the government should not lift a finger against it; though the government should adopt and pursue a negative, do-nothing, let-alone, hands-off policy about it until the war's close, the government would not be answerable for this. It is not bound to protect or hold in trust, or have aught to do with the slaves of avowed, notorious and unchangeable rebels. The policy of tabooing the negro, leaving secession slavery to take care of itself, throwing upon it the responsibility for all its present and impending sufferings, coupled with the policy of protecting, so far as possible, the slave and other property of all avowed, ascertained, and would-be Unionists, may be the most expedient and efficient for ending the rebels' war, creating disaffection, sober second thoughts and reaction in the Southern mind, and restoring the Union with the consent of a reliable majority of the Southern people, and without loss or damage to their peculiar institution, other than what they will confess is chargeable to the direct inflictions of secession.

THE COAST CONTRABANDS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Dec. 12, 1861.

THE condition of the people of color on the Atlantic coast, as brought within the sphere of our blockading squadron, fortresses, and military posts, is becoming more and more interesting every day. Beginning at the eastern shore of Virginia, from Fortress Monroe to Fort Pickens, we find at least fifty thousand persons whose peculiar relations to the government and country demand the most serious inquiry. All along the sea-board are thousands of able-bodied men, who have been accustomed to enjoy many personal privileges, and whose employments render them valuable to the public service. The most of the maritime labor of the coast, in certain directions, is performed by colored hands. The coasters of the Virginia inlets, of the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, of the more Southern shore, all the way down to the lowest key of Alabama and Florida, are manned, and in many instances navigated entirely by men of color. The vessels they manage are comparatively small, and the trade they carry on is comparatively humble. But be that as it may, their position and commerce are those of much practical usefulness to all concerned.

When the smuggling process was at its height on both the Eastern and Western shores of the Virginia and Maryland peninsula, the contrabands and free colored laborers were compelled to carry it on. Goods, arms, powder, shot, uniforms, and other articles of great service to the rebels were landed by coasters on one side, carried across the country to the nearest tide-water on the other, and then smuggled by little pungys into the rebel army at Richmond and other places, all the way from Cape Charles to Tangiers Island and Baltimore. Secret dens of smugglers have been in active operation, at times, for the past six months, and even before the breaking out of the Rebellion, from Cherry stone Light-House to Pokomoke River, and up to the line that separates Maryland from Delaware. In all this marauding on the lawful commerce of the coast—a marauding that has been playing constantly and powerfully into the hands of the deadly enemies of the Republic—the despised contrabands have been compelled to play a direct and constant part. The same is equally true along every inch of the Southern rebel coast at this moment. It is here we shall find one of the secret sources of rebel strength, the development of which has frequently surprised the lookers-on in Verona.

The managers of the rebellion have understood this whole matter perfectly. They have completely hoodwinked those they were bound to circumvent. "Lie low and keep dark," has been the policy. All was comparatively fair on the surface, while within was constantly working the mystery of iniquity. Their motto was:

"We curse the sins we're not inclined to,
And cleave to those we have a mind to."

Hence while professing the policy of quiet, the rebel leaders have employed their seeming masterly inactivity in the most cunningly devised plans of patient, secret, persevering action.

Not only the commerce of the Southern coast, but the defences also, speak of the presence and controling power of the contraband element. The fortifications at Yorktown, the masked batteries on the Eastern shore of Virginia, those on the York and James Rivers, scattered along from Hampton Roads up to Richmond, the immense works at Craney Island, the smaller but still powerful ones at Sewall's and Pig's Points, all attest how much can and has been done by the "power behind the throne greater than the throne itself."

All along the coast from Roanoke Inlet, Forts Hatteras and Clark, Ocracoke, Beaufort, N. C., Georgetown, S. C., Charleston, Port Royal, down to the lowest embankment of the enemy at Pensacola, near Key West and New Orleans, up to the works on the bayous and rivers, to Manassas and the shores of the Potomac, the servile labor of the South has been most actively and profitably employed. In the captured Fort Hatteras were found attested accounts of moneys paid—Southern capital—in return for Southern slave labor. There is not a fortification, nor a storehouse of munitions of war, nor a ship employed or being rebuilt and refitted, in all the Southern rebel country, but is directly indebted for progress and completion chiefly to the outlawed contrabands.

In view of these undisputed facts, there can be but one question before the United people of America. The immediate and universal confiscation of all such rebel instruments of power must be imperatively demanded and rigidly enforced. It is a perfectly clear case that if the rebels can employ contraband property to destroy the Union, the government and people of the Union have a right to employ that property to preserve it.

The accumulation of negroes at Fortress Monroe, Fort Hatteras, Port Royal, and other strategic points, is by no means the evil to be dreaded which many seem to suppose. This aggregation of people, if rightly managed, may be made an element of great internal strength to the nation. The importance of teaching it, of inspiring it with hope, of elevating its moral purposes, of rewarding its industry, must be perceived at a glance by every patriot. When the whole question is well understood, it can be conducted to a successful issue as safely as any other in the republic.

The number of colored people at Fortress Monroe, previous to the arrival of the Union troops and fleet, was quite small. A few old residents took care, chiefly, of the younger persons who came as servants to the officers of the army and navy, and the casual visitors at Old Point Comfort. But the advent of the Union force has gradually swelled the number, until now Quartermaster Talmadge, U. S. A., serves out to them from seventeen hundred to two thousand rations daily. Capt. Taylor, also of the army (a nephew of the late President), in his official position, does what he can consistently do with regard to their comfort. The building the most of them occupy for quarters is a good one. It is situated near the large machine-shop of the government, and presents an appearance in front similar to that of the Barracks in the Park at New York. In the centre and attic are large bunks for sleeping; at the sides are long tables; in the rear is a suitable cooking apartment. The occupants fare as well as any of our soldiers in barracks.

In some of the adjacent buildings, several families are provided for as well as the rooms will allow. Here the washing and cooking for certain outsiders are carried on. The women and children are mostly on these premises. They have plenty of food, fire, and water. The clothing department is rather straightened.

The principal work done by the contrabands, thus far, has been loading and unloading government vessels, building new roads, including that really important public improvement, the railroad from the light-house on the point near the beach all the way around the interior of Fortress Monroe. The completion of this work alone by contraband labor will be a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the United States.

It should be borne in mind that no permanent arrangement has been contemplated for paying regular wages to the contrabands. Accounts have been kept on their account, but their earnings, as a general thing, have not been held to belong to them. Hence,

while labor has been constantly required of them, hey have had none of the incentives to labor which are found in fair wages for a fair day's work. They have not been furnished with clothes, except by special provision. They have been told, in many in stances, that all they earned would be paid over to their former owners. Under these circumstances, it may well be imagined that men would hardly have many inducements to prosecute their labors. Yet it is on record that, notwithstanding these discouragements, the contrabands are doing nearly all the hardest manual labor that is being done at Fortress Monroe; and this, too, at a time of war, when the garrison and its outposts, with the fleet, embrace the wants of at least 30,000 souls.

At Beaufort, North Carolina, a few nights ago, four contrabands came on board the transport Gemsbock, in a whaleboat. They proved to be a valuable accession to our blockading force. One of them is a first-rate carpenter, another is one of the best pilots on the coasts, the other two are stevedores. It was pleasant to notice how cordially they were received. A naval officer proposed that the carpenter should be put on the list of applicants for a carpentership in the navy, thus showing how little prejudice there is against employing men of color in the naval working force. In fact, there is no such prejudice among seamen as a class. They mess with their colored shipmates, toil, suffer, rejoice, sing, and divide prizes together, without showing the least difference. In this respect, Commerce is king over Cotton.

Off Wilmington, N. C., another company escaped to the Amanda. Here, too, they met a favorable reception—giving not only valuable services, but trustworthy information as to the construction and location of certain rebel war steamers. If it could be known on shore how well such fugitives are received, others would follow, to the great advantage of the service. It is believed, on good authority, that if a judicious attack were made on Fort Macon, not only many of the contrabands would join the Union flag, but that there are thousands of white inhabitants in the vicinity who would discourage the firing of a gun from the Fort.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON will deliver a lecture on the War, in the Cooper Institute, on TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 7, 1862. We are sure that all earnest friends of freedom, of whatever sect, party or class, will gladly embrace an opportunity to listen to the counsels of the man out of whose mind and heart the Anti-Slavery Movement of our time was born, and who for more than thirty years has been its foremost exponent and champion. Friends of the slave! let us fill the spacious hall and give him an enthusiastic welcome!

THE ENGLISH IMBROGLIO.

THE Situation remains very much as it did a week ago. The bulletin-boards and the newsboys have done their best to precipitate matters, and have begun hostilities or avoided them by the swiftest surrender of Mason, Slidell & Co., according as the exigencies of the news-market required. But, happily, two such great bodies as the British Empire and the American Republic move slowly, and, even with the best dispositions, they hardly can get at actual loggerheads in a week. Editors of newspapers in their offices and *quidnuncs* at the corners of the streets and in the Clubs, may be impatient of delay, and be ready to go to fighting at the shortest notice, and to give no lee-way for the adjustment of an international difficulty. But the men actually in power, in whose hands is the leash which holds the dogs of war, we may be sure, will be slow to cry havoc and let them slip. The responsibility of inflicting so terrible a calamity on mankind as a war between England and America would be, is too awful to be lightly undertaken, and we may rely upon it that it will not be assumed by either side if it can be helped. All that has come to light since last week has confirmed the opinions then expressed as to the position of affairs and the turn they are likely to take. That there is nothing peremptory in the nature of Lord Lyons's instructions may be inferred from the fact that no interview had been had with Mr. Seward at the last advices. Their nature of course has not leaked out, as the English, unlike our more liberal government, do not keep known traitors in their pay for the purpose of betraying their most important secrets. If war is like to come, it is plain that there must be a preliminary campaign of negotiation and diplomacizing, which may result in substituting the arbitrament of the pen for that of the sword, and in saving the effusion of blood by that of ink.

All the facts of the capture of the rebel envoys, and all the facts connected with their embarkation on board the Trent, must be first accurately ascertained. To this state of facts, when agreed upon, must be applied the strict rules of international and public law, in order to learn whether there has been any violation of the same on either side. This having been done calmly and carefully, which men charged with such tremendous interests may be expected to do, an issue of law upon the facts will be made up, and that issue must be decided either by the yielding of the party which is thus put in the wrong, or by the maintenance of the wrong by a resort to arms. That the rights of the matter, in a strict legal point of view, cannot be arrived at, in the last analysis, is an absurd supposition. The only question is, whether the party against whom the decision goes will be willing to abide by it, and do whatever its satisfaction demands. The English public on the one hand, and the American public on the other, assume that their rights are perfect and unquestionable. The one assumes that the deck of a neutral ship, passing from one neutral port to another, is a sacred sanctuary which cannot be invaded by a belligerent power, certainly for the purpose of seizing the persons of political offenders. The other takes it for granted that the right of search is perfect, and that diplomatic envoys are contraband and to be seized like military officers or munitions of war, wherever found. These are questions surely possible of solution by an application of the rules of public law. So also as to the points whether the omission to send on the Trent for trial before a prize-court, admitting that the rebel commissioners were contraband, be or be not fatal to the legality of their arrest, from the omission of necessary forms; and whether, on the other hand, any assistance given them by the British Consul at Havana were such a violation of neutrality as to afford us a counterbalancing ground of complaint, admitting that Capt. Wilkes's proceedings were irregular.

It is the duty, and we wish we could hope it will be the practice, of the press to calm rather than to exacerbate the public mind, and to endeavor to remove the consideration of these questions from the domain of passion into that of reason. It would be a hard thing for either nation to yield in a matter as to which it has, popularly, so fully committed itself. It would be much for England to concede that we have done no more than, on the full consideration of all sides of the questions at issue, we had a right to do. It would be more for us to acknowledge that we had broken the laws of nations in the action of the San Jacinto, and to make the amend of setting Mason and Slidell at liberty. But the party that takes the responsibility of a war on this quarrel must be very certain that it is absolutely right even in matter of form as well as substance. A flaw in the wording of an indictment, of a will, of a deed, has let loose many a villain, unsettled many an estate and ruined many an honest man, and yet the strict observance of forms is essential to the administration of justice and the safe enjoyment of property, and the hardship of the exceptions only proves the wisdom and general beneficence of the rule. Without saying what the decision of reason and law applied to the ascertained state of facts ought to be, for nobody knows yet precisely what that should be, we are certain that it were wiser to do the most unpleasant thing which that decision should demand than to plunge two nations like England and America in war for two men like Mason and Slidell. We, especially, on our side, should be especially careful to stand exactly and perfectly right in this matter, and all others connected with our relations with England. If England is bent upon having a war—which, in spite of appearances, we do not yet believe—let us take care that she makes it clear that it is a crusade proclaimed for the maintenance of slavery and in the great behalf of cotton. Let us not give her the advantage of a quibble or a quirk, even, which shall put us in the wrong, even as to the outward appearance. If she thinks it worth her while to force us into a war, after we have done everything that right reason and public faith require to avoid it, we have no fear as to the capacity of the nation to maintain itself in a war so base in its objects and so ungenerously timed.

As Abolitionists we hardly know whether we should regard a war with England, supposing it absolutely unavoidable, as friendly or hostile to the emancipation of the slaves. Of course, its primary purpose, whatever its pretext might be, would be to strengthen and establish slavery, as the necessary means of furnishing the English mills with cotton. To see a mighty nation arraying itself on the side of the oppressor and helping him keep his victims in chains for the gold they would bring it, does not look at the first glance like a sign of the coming Deliverance. And yet it may be such, for all that, should it come to pass. It could hardly fail to breathe into the war an earnestness of spirit which it has lacked hitherto. The paramount duty of sparing slavery to the utmost and so carrying on operations as to do the slaveholders the least possible damage, one would think, must yield to the necessities of a foreign war. As England could undoubtedly break the blockade, if she begin operations soon enough, our only method of acting against our own rebels, and at the same time doing all the harm we can to our foreign enemies, would be to march boldly into the heart of the cotton country and invite the assistance of the slaves on the guarantee of freedom. Unless this policy were adopted, our defeat were sure, and the sooner we patch up a peace with the Davis government on their own terms the better. The alternative, which must encounter the government sooner or later, of Union and Emancipation, or Secession and Slavery, would thus be forced upon it, and it would be compelled to choose which it would serve, Slavery or Liberty. We cannot doubt which horn of the dilemma it would lay hold of; but even should it seize upon the worst, it were better that it were done at once than postponed to a later day with all the losses and disgraces sure to wait upon such a delay. And even in case of the worst, should England take the cotton States under her protectorate, after compelling our acknowledgment of their independence, the life-blood of slavery would have been drained from it by that divulsion. For England hardly could give to the slaveholders more than a provincial protection. She could not make slaveholding the mainspring of her institutions and policy. And without the political supremacy which slavery possessed in this nation it were hardly worth maintaining. So that, in any case, "the corner-stone of Republican liberty" would be shattered by being removed from the head of the corner. It might not crumble at once, but its disintegration would have begun, and its dust would soon be given to the winds of Heaven.

But these, we trust, are but simply speculations. Not empty because void of truth, should the case supposed occur, but empty because without probable foundation. Damaging as an English war would be to us, it would be vastly more so to England. None such could be favored in England, excepting under the ignorance prevailing there as to the comparative strength and wealth of the two sections of our country. The fifteen slave States look on the map bigger than the nineteen free States, and the cotton-blindness makes everything look larger than life. Direct trade with the Confederacy looks like a mighty boon to England. But to what does it amount? Of the twelve million inhabitants, one-third is avowedly excluded from the class of consumers. Of the eight million called free, the great proportion are as little able to buy foreign productions as the slaves themselves. They are far less valuable customers than the proletaries of the English farms and mines. Three hundred and fifty thousand is more than the number of all who employ slave labor as owners or hirers, from one to a thousand. This represents nearly the entire consuming population of the South. Making a liberal allowance for members of their families, fifteen hundred thousand would probably over-represent the number of persons consuming imported goods. Of the twenty millions of the free States there is scarce an individual, from infancy to old age, and of every condition of life, that is not a consumer of articles of foreign origin. The difference of the value of these markets to any commercial country it is not necessary to point out. The great mass of newspaper readers cannot be expected to be well-informed on these points; but the statesmen who direct the affairs of the kingdom, and the great bankers and merchants who have the greatest stake in its property, know all about it, and we do not believe that they will suffer the epidemic madness which now seems to rage in England to burst forth into war. We should do nothing to provoke it, we should be ready to meet it, if it be unavoidable, and, above all, we should so direct and control it as to leave the country, when it is over, free from the blight of slavery and ready to enter upon a career of prosperity such as the nation never yet has known.

REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER of the Church Anti-Slavery Society thus hints at some of the obstacles he meets in the American Church and Ministry, in his efforts among them to procure signatures to Petitions and out-spoken committal to the policy of Emancipation under right of the war power:

"Here, as elsewhere with easy majorities, the policy prevails of letting the country *drift*, if it will, into emancipation, and persons are unwilling, as they express it, to embarrass the government by petitions, or to try to precipitate events. Meanwhile, as an honest man put it, at the Post-office the other day, '*We are firing at the rebels with boiled beans*, and making it tabu to attack them at their only vulnerable point.' How long will the Almighty let us pursue this hazardous experiment of *drifting*? It is time that principle and piety should take the *helm* of affairs, and become a power in the land. It is time that loyalty to God should become the law of the State. It is time that we should strike and *steer* for the right position, not wait to be *drifted* into it. *Drifting* may do for a dead mill-log, but it will never do for the ship of State that carries living men, and many of them professing loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"What an inexplicable wonder it will be to a future generation, when it ponders the history of the present, that 40,000 ministers and five million of professing Christians should have no more visible hand in shaping the policy of the Nation according to the law of God and of Eternal Justice! How sadly wanting to the solemn emergency are the American Churches? Who, of the ministry, or which of the religious papers so much as look at, or advertise the modest call of the Church Anti-Slavery Society 'for an Ecumenical Council of American Churches, irrespective of school or sect, to consider the question of present duty, and give expression to their well-matured convictions concerning the position which the Church should occupy in the present crsis?'

"Does not God seem to be saying 'My soul is weary of such a nation as this?' Can you get a glimpse, by any prescience, of what will be the issue from the present complication? Is the Church of the future yet taking shape, to your penetrating eye? Is unconditional freedom to the American bondmen soon to come by the act of the Nation through its legitimate authorities? Or are we to get to it only by servile insurrection, slaughter, fire and blood!

"Are we not just about to see the terrific bound of the slaves, by insurrection, to the embrace of liberty, as she opens upon this sight, while the way to her is yet so insanely hedged by border State *bars* and 'the oath's sake' of purblind officials to maintain all the guarantees of the Constitution?"

WENDELL PHILLIPS IN NEW YORK.

ON Thursday evening, the 19th inst., WENDELL PHILLIPS delivered a lecture on "THE WAR" in the Cooper Institute, in this city. More than an hour before the lecture commenced, the street in front of the hall was filled by an eager crowd, and in a few minutes after the doors were opened the immense hall was filled in every part by a highly intelligent audience, embracing many eminent citizens, and not a few who came to hear the speaker for the first time. *The Herald* had endeavored, by mendacious appeals to popular ignorance and passion, to excite a mob, but its efforts in this direction were fruitless. The Superintendent of Police was present with a numerous force, ready for any emergency, and with a fixed determination to maintain the freedom of speech. His behavior and that of the men under his direction was such as to reflect credit upon the city and entitle them to the thanks of all law-abiding citizens.

Mr. Phillips, on coming upon the platform, was so warmly greeted that it was some time before the managers of the lecture could gain the attention of the audience to the announcement they wished to make of other lectures to follow. Silence being restored, notice was given that Mr. Theodore Tilton was engaged to speak upon "The Latest Questions of the War" on the next Thursday evening. The applause that followed this announcement was very hearty; but when the audience were told that it was in contemplation to ask the pioneer of the Anti-Slavery movement, William Lloyd Garrison, to come to New York and present his views of the war, they evinced their satisfaction by cheers which were at once an illustration and a proof of the mighty change wrought in public sentiment during the last few months.

Dr. HENRY A. HARTT introduced Mr. Phillips in the following terms:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Wendell Phillips, of Boston, is a national man, and needs no introduction or eulogy from me. For more than a quarter of a century he has stood before the country, as an able and eloquent expounder of great ethical principles. Unconnected with Church or State, yet a Christian and a patriot, he has devoted himself to the advocacy of the natural, political and religious rights of man (applause). Without commission or authority, either from ecclesiastical or civil court, yet anointed by God, and inspired by His spirit, he has proclaimed essential, fundamental, eternal truths, which accredited priests and statesmen have repudiated and despised. Gifted with genius and fortune, and all the advantages by which he might easily have attained the highest posts and offices in the nation, he has deliberately chosen to identify himself with the cause of a poor, despised and outcast race of strangers, although he knew that, by inevitable consequence, he would become the object of incipient persecution and reproach. In an age of materialism, and in the midst of a popular sentiment which insisted upon the toleration and support of a cruel and infamous system of oppression, he has had the power to see, clearly and steadily, the inherent worth and dignity of man—to place him in his true position, infinitely above all considerations of commerce, policy, compacts, unions, constitutions and governments—and to demand, uncompromisingly, the recognition of his inalienable rights. In the spirit of that divine affirmation, 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,' he has maintained that government was made for man, and not man for government (cheers).

"He appears here now, as ever, a brilliant orator, to shed around the cause of justice and humanity the charms of a more than Grecian eloquence—now, as ever, for man and his rights above the Union, and above the Constitution—but now, as never before, for the Union and the Constitution, because he believes that, from the terrible ordeal through which they are passing, they will come forth purified from every stain, and thenceforth and forever be for man and his rights (loud cheers).

"The time has come when all who are in favor of immediate emancipation, whatever their political antecedents, or whatever the grounds upon which their opinion is based, should forget past differences, and lay aside party prejudices, and combine together to urge this measure upon the government, as an effectual means, if not the only one, for crushing speedily the atrocious rebellion which is striking at the heart of the republic. And, I trust, the hour is at hand when the services and coöperation of our distinguished friend will not only be sought by Abolitionists and Republicans, but when those who have, heretofore, most widely differed from him, when the party represented by Gen. Butler, John Cochrane and Daniel Dickinson, will be found to hail him on the platform, and in the halls of legislation, as an able advocate and wise counsellor, and when even James Gordon Bennett, however reluctant, may find it expedient to say Amen."

Mr. Phillips, on rising, was greeted with three cheers, the waving of handkerchiefs, and other tokens of enthusiasm. Of his address, since we hope to publish it next week in full, as revised by himself, we will only say now that we believe it met the highest anticipations of his hearers. For an hour and a half he held the undivided attention of the audience, and his most striking points were warmly applauded. So intense was the interest which he excited, that for some time after his concluding words were uttered, the audience did not move—there was a silence which indicated regret that he was not to say more.

The speech was pretty fully reported the next morning in *The Times*, *Tribune*, *World*, and perhaps some other papers. *The Herald*, disappointed in the result of its efforts to create a riot, took no notice whatever of the lecture.

From The Evening Post.

A few moments after Mr. Philips's lecture had commenced, Gen. Fremont and his wife entered the hall, and quietly took his seat on the rearmost bench. Fremont wore a blue military cloak, and was speedily recognized by those near by. He looks older and more careworn than before he went to the war. Although every mention of his name by Mr. Phillips elicited the heartiest cheers from the audience—not one-tenth of whom knew he was present—his countenance betrayed no emotion at these tokens of popularity. At the close of the address Mr. and Mrs. Fremont left the hall as they had entered, thus escaping a spontaneous popular ovation.

From The Times.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE WAR POLICY.—If the old mischief-maker of *The Herald* were capable of shame or abasement, he would be visited with daily pangs of that sort in view of his utter impotence to make mischief. He has labored zealously for days to excite a riot on the occasion of Mr. Wendell Phillips addressing a popular audience on the war. Every incendiary appeal that could be made to the passions of the mob was uttered, and repeated in every issue. Mr. Phillips accordingly made his speech last evening to a vast multitude, who only interrupted the speaker with outbursts of approval and applause; and *The Herald* has a new proof that its slanders are the highest indorsement of the purity of those it assails, and that even the mob systematically reverses its recommendations.

Of the very able address of Mr. Phillips a partial idea may be gathered from the report to be found in other columns of *The Times*. In losing the masterly elocution and oratorical finish of the speaker, the reader gains in his ability to measure the doctrines of Mr. Phillips more calmly and justly than if he had been a listener, and is thus perhaps able to discern why very many arguments unimpeachable in the forum of rigid logic, are wholly untenable in the light of a sound expediency. The opinions of Mr. Phillips touching instant emancipation, are, we think, of this character.

From The World.

The attempt of *The Herald* to have Wendell Phillips mobbed did not succeed. He spoke to a very large audience last night without interruption, and was very heartily applauded for the Union sentiments he expressed. The occurrences of the past year have indubitably changed Mr. Phillips's opinions in many important respects, and he would doubtless be willing to admit that he has made some sad mistakes in his discussion of the slavery problem in times past. He and his *confreres* are responsible for the delusion that the South could not be "kicked out of the Union," that slavery would not dare attempt to "go it alone" and that, if it did, the slaves would rise *en masse* and achieve their own freedom. The power, the passion, the invective Mr. Phillips brought to bear in support of these and kindred false theories are well known to the public, and ought to teach him a lesson of humility. That so far, in not one solitary instance, have the slaves risen against their masters; that the South does desire independence of the North, and that it will take a monstrous deal of kicking to kick them *in* the Union, instead of to put them out of it, Mr. Phillips doubtless realizes.

His statement last night that the English people were governed in their present action by a desire to abolish slavery, and that the South could, and probably would, secure its independence through the aid of foreign powers by emancipating their negroes, is his last and wildest novelty in political speculation.

MR. PHILLIPS AT MUSIC HALL.—[Extract of a private letter, dated Boston, Dec. 22.] This morning, at Music Hall, Phillips's discourse on "Ideas, in their Relation to Events," was listened to by an immense audience, showing his hold upon the popular interest. It was, of course, able and instructive, and well received.

A LETTER

TO REV. GEORGE GORDON, IN CLEVELAND (O.) JAIL.

DEAR BROTHER: I am sorry to learn that you have fallen a prey to the pro-slavery spirit of the United States government. How cruel! how murderous is that spirit! How many the innocent victims of that most infamous law you dared to trample under foot!

I have just been reading your manly address to the Court by which you were sentenced. My first feeling is indignation at the Court, the law, and the government whose agents they are. But then a second and calmer, if not deeper, feeling arises—sympathy for the innocent victim of this injustice. My whole heart goes out in sympathy for you, my brother; for no man, be he ever so conscious of innocence, can desire to be bereft of property and liberty, and lie for months in a prison with thieves and murderers. And yet, what is the condemnation of Judge Wilson to a man whom the "Judge of all the earth" approves? Or, what is the verdict of twelve men, acting under an infamous law, enacted by a slaveholding government, to one who has not only the approbation of all lovers of freedom, but also the thanks, if they could be expressed, of four million of God's poor children in bonds? And what is a cell to one whose soul is conscious of no guilt? No, my brother; while I deeply sympathize with you, and, if in my power, would throw open your prison door and set you free, yet I rejoice that you are "counted worthy to suffer shame for the name" of Him who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." It is no disgrace to suffer in a good cause; rather should you glory in it. "It is nothing to die in a good cause, but an eternal disgrace to sit still in the presence of the barbarities of American slavery," said the noble martyr of Charlestown. "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you," said a far greater than John Brown. Many of the best men the world ever saw have been condemned to death for the noblest of deeds. Many "of whom the world was not worthy" have died in the dungeon. And when the Prince of Peace—the holy, harmless, and undefiled—died the shameful and cursed death of the cross, why should you complain of fines and a few months' imprisonment? Rather let me say to you—be of good cheer. Your name is now enrolled in the long list of sufferers who have "stood up for Jesus" in the person of the slave, but who have fallen a prey to the unrelenting demon of oppression. When such men as Walker and Torrey lay in the dungeon at the demand of the Slave Power—when the blood of such men as Lovejoy and John Brown has been shed to satisfy the insatiable thirst of the same spirit which has demanded your body as its victim, where is the room for complaint? Nay; rather cherish the spirit of him whose soul the dark cell of Charlestown jail could not sadden; or, rather, of those who, while their "feet were fast in the stocks," sang praises to God. Be of good cheer. The affliction, sore as it may be, will be blessed to your good; and your unjust condemnation and imprisonment may do far more to advance the cause of human freedom, the deliverance of the slave, and the redemption of our country, than a whole life-time of labor in the ordinary way.

On reading your soul-stirring address to the Court, I have only one regret, which you will permit me to express, since that address will be read all over the land. While glorying, and that rightly, in having violated the spirit of the Fugitive Slave law, you attempt an argument to prove that you did not violate either the letter or spirit of a single article of the Constitution; as though it were a virtue to trample under foot the statute, but a damning sin to violate the fundamental law. Oh, how I wish all Abolitionists could get the film off their eyes when looking at the Constitution! Man made the Fugitive Slave law; did not man make the Constitution? You say "that it don't name a slave." Well; neither does the Fugitive Slave law. You say that "its framers kept out deliberately every word or phrase that might express the condition of a slave." Well, does not the statute also deliberately keep out the same? Do they not use the same phraseology, as, a "person owing service"—"to whom labor is due"—etc.? Does not any argument from the language of the Constitution, to prove it anti-slavery, also prove that the Fugitive Slave law is anti-slavery? Why do any of the Abolitionists cling to the Constitution under the plea that it is free from the damning guilt of slavery? Do they not know that its framers not only made, but *meant* to make, it a slave-catching Constitution? Do they not know that all the States adopting it did so, knowing it to be a slave-catching Constitution? Do they not know that the whole nation has so regarded it, and made it so practically? That the Courts have always so decided? That the whole nation—all the parties to the compact—still so regard it? Do not Abolitionists know that the Constitution was framed and adopted by slaveholders, and has ever been in the hands of slaveholders an instrument with which to further the behests of slavery? O, it makes me sad to see any Abolitionist clinging to the Constitution, with all its infamous compromises with the Slave Power, as though the nation would live or perish as the Constitution is upheld or repudiated.

You are a Free Presbyterian; I am a Covenanter You are a radical Abolitionist; so am I; but more—a Garrisonian, a Come-outer, a non-voting Abolitionist. Pardon me, for I am earnest, if I seem censorious when I again express the wish that the noble Free Presbyterians, and all the radical Abolitionists, would cast off their fears to touch the Constitution, and that they would take the true and high position of the Old School Covenanters, outside the Constitution and government We abhor the Fugitive Slave law, and would not dare to obey it. How, then, can we but repudiate a slaveholding Constitution, to enforce which Congress had to enact that law, mainly founded thereon? All law, whether constitutional or statute, not founded on the Higher Law, we reject; and because the United States Constitution is at war with God and humanity, we are aliens to this slaveholding Commonwealth. So let it be. Politicians are against us; but God and the slave are with us. The present age laughs at us; the coming will honor us. We bide our time. Outside of this old Bastile of oppression—dissenters from the United States government, founded on a pro-slavery Constitution—we breathe a free, pure air; and feel free from the guilt of identification with an institution at war with God and Freedom. Nor will we despair of Liberty if it should fall. Rather let it fall than stain our souls with guilt in sustaining it—let it fall, if from its ruins will rise the fair and indestructible edifice of Freedom.

These are times, my brother, that try men's souls. Some must suffer. I admire your willingness to lie in prison rather than, with craven lips, ask pardon of a power you dare to disobey. When I obeyed the dictates of humanity and violated the Fugitive Slave law by assisting the slave escaping from his master, I was not in the painful position of one who was violating a law enacted by what he regards as a divine institution—God's moral ordinance of civil government. To me the United States government is not the "ordinance of God." I owe it no conscientious obedience. Hence it gives me no pain when I find myself, in obeying God, acting in violation of the letter or spirit of the Constitution. I seek the reformation of the government; but until it can be made such as the Christian can voluntarily support, I am a dissenter. How I wish you were freed from your embarrassing position—as free as I. Still I admire your boldness and manliness—your true Christian spirit—when you say to your judge; "*I have no favors to crave—no mercy to implore. I stand erect, in conscious integrity and manhood. My house has ever been a home for the fleeing fugitive, and shall be so still. If my dwelling be reduced to a cabin, he shall be welcome to a corner. All the devils in hell, and all the slave-catchers out of hell, shall not close my door against him.*" Such words will not fall to the ground. May he who gave them utterance before his persecutors, never be forgotten by the good and the true—may they burn deeply into the hard hearts of the minions of slavery, until all shall be free.

I hope that, through the prayers of the people, and the clemency of the President, your prison doors may soon be thrown open. But if you should die in Cleveland jail, and thence your freed spirit take its flight "to where the oppressor comes not," I pray God that your martyrdom may be overruled for good to the millions for whom you dared to plead and act, in the face of this guilty nation. Whatever may be the issue, be consoled by the assurance that thousands of sympathizing friends, all over the land, are remembering you in bonds as bound with you. N. R. JOHNSTON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several communications are on file, to be printed as soon as we can find room. Our correspondents must exercise patience.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU......LIX.

DECEMBER 2d, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

FROM month to month the mood in which your friends here have had to address you has been more and more sad; but anything like the dreariness of this day we none of us, I believe, anticipated. Till now, there has been something to be hopeful about, and even to rejoice in, in the midst of your military reverses, your political difficulties, your sufferings of every kind, for you had abjured your complicity with the South; and no shame and grief could compare with that of such guilty complicity. Though you and we, your friends, had to bear the disappointment of finding that there was no statesmanship apparent in the republic—no high quality, political or moral, visible in your Administration, or in any direction which might be a resource for the Administration, yet there remained the great fact that the free States were in antagonism with the slave States, and that slavery must go down when the people of the North had gained strength and wisdom by suffering. It was too plain that we were to be disappointed of the hoped-for friendship between your countrymen and mine. The temper and manners of the Northern people towards England, and the irrationality of the anger on your side the water did, it is true, overthrow forever (the "ever" of our generation) the *confidence* of your European well-wishers, because it was plain that the bullying spirit and intolerable manners of former governments were not simply ascribable to Southern breeding, as we had believed and trusted. Still, if our hopes of pleasant and confiding intercourse were shaken, we could still rejoice that your day of virtuous struggle had arrived, and hope for a good issue. But now, all is over! Your unhappy country has a more terrible retribution for past unfaithfulness to go through than the most timid of your friends apprehended. Your successive governments plunge you more and more deeply in difficulty, and disgrace, and peril; and now—if this last stroke is indeed the work of the government—your own chosen rulers are giving victory to the South, as wickedly as Mr. Buchanan's ministers did in delivering over to the secessionists the treasure and arms of the republic. When Commander Wilkes fired his shotted guns across the bows of the Trent, he did more for the Confederate cause than giving them half-a-dozen victories; and when he ordered the seizure of the Southern gentlemen on board the Trent, he simply ruined his country. It is still possible that his act may be disavowed by your government. The next mail may bring the news that he is punished, the Southern gentlemen released, and an apology, and all due reparation offered to the British government; but even then, no power on earth can restore the state of things which existed before. If there can be an officer in the American navy who could perpetrate such an act in such a way, out of his own head, there can be no confidence on our side that law and civility will be observed on the seas. But it seems inconceivable that such an act should not have been authorized. Not only would the piratical audacity be incredible in any naval service, but it is understood that the Americans on board the Nashville Confederate vessel were in expectation of the event—aware of an intention to intercept and seize Messrs. Slidell and Mason. If this is true—if the movement was planned or known at Washington, there is no hope of peace but in immediate retraction and apology from Washington. There can be no question about the necessity. After a long course of forbearance, allowance and forgiveness, on the part of England, in consideration of the peculiar quality and circumstances of a government of slaveholders, the people of England are offered an outrage too gross to be endured; and, grieved, shocked and ashamed, as we shall be to war upon you at the same time as the Southern States, we shall have no option. When we think of the madness of such a risk, it seems incredible that even Mr. Seward, with his purblind policy of trick and bullying, can have incurred it. The first image which presents itself to all minds is of your territory invaded by the Confederates at the South, and by Canada at the North, and blockaded at sea by the British navy. No rational person can for a moment doubt the issue of such a struggle as that; and what is it for? Why are we made enemies of, when we are your only stay and defence? During these latter months, our government has strained its influence to the utmost to prevent the blockade being broken—and not the less though a temper of jealousy and insult prevailed at Washington and in your press generally. And now, your government has outraged your best friend, and rendered it impossible to restrain any further the disgust of the English people at the temper and manners under which they have suffered. Still, we recur to the hope that the next mail may bring the requisite disavowal and reparation. Nothing can replace the two nations on their former footing; but we may again hope for the triumph of the right on your soil.

It is not for me to speak of the legal aspects of the question of this attack on the Trent. Our leading newspapers show what is the opinion of the law-officers of the Crown, on whose authority, of course, all discussion will on this side proceed. There is, I clearly see, every desire on all hands to be just, and even liberal; every intention to admit, to the fullest extent, the right of visit and search, as exercised by ourselves in former times, even though the American law is more in our favor. But there seems to be no doubt that, over and above that question, there has been an amount of illegality, as well as brutality of behavior, which admits of no accommodation at all. Retraction is the only alternative to war, we are assured by those who should know.

The folly seems the more incredible from the fact that boarding the Trent and seizing the American passengers is an irrevocable recognition of those Confederate gentlemen as belligerents and not rebels. If they are rebels, they cannot be seized on board a neutral vessel. As belligerents, there are circumstances under which they might be taken—though those circumstances are not present in this case; but by this act the die is cast. Your government has treated Messrs. Slidell and Mason as belligerents, and they and their Confederates rejoice accordingly. If there were room for hope that the whole transaction was planned in the South, and executed by traitors to the North, it would be the greatest possible relief. As a stroke of policy on behalf of the South, it might be so; but there seems to be no doubt of the San Jacinto and its officers being really under the orders of the United States government.

On the continent, and by some people in England, it is imagined that Mr. Seward and his colleagues have resorted to aggression as a method of drawing off from their conflict with the South—of receding from their scheme of subduing the Confederate States, under the demands and the popularity of a foreign war. I do not believe this; but it is impossible not to see that such a war will be the salvation of the South—as far as the present struggle is concerned. The blockade will be dispersed at once, and trade opened between the South and the rest of the world. I need not go further in detailing what must happen; and every view leads to the shocking truth that all this is for no cause whatever but an act of outrage, unprovoked and intolerable, inflicted on a long-suffering, honorable, placable, and magnanimous ally!

I write in the full sense of the rectitude and reasonableness of those whom I address. I am well aware that you feel as we do about any act of bad faith and violence—any act of piracy committed by any power on an ally. But what renders the case so supremely painful is that, in a self-governing nation, every citizen bears the blame and the shame of the misconduct of the Administration. Not of a single mistake, however great; but of any unprincipled and aggressive act done by the agents of the government. Those who know you and your aims will never for an instant confound you and your brethren with Mr. Seward; but it is a question which must be answered, how a Seward can be in the administration of a self-governing nation? Will such a minister find himself able to plunge you into a war with your best friend, at the most critical moment of your national existence? And if so, why? And what is despotism, if this is the liberty you live under?

If this transaction is imputable to your government, I suppose Mr. Everett and Mr. Beecher, and the other proposed explainers of the Northern case will hardly come here. Strong as is the feeling everywhere on this occurrence, there seems to be a general disposition to exercise self-restraint, and to listen to the instructions of law and authority. Thus, circumstances will be favorable if disavowal should arrive from Washington; but we are only too ready for war, if war it must be. I was surprised to see, some months since, in a leading American journal, a doubt expressed as to whether the English would be withheld from breaking the blockade by "such a shadowy consideration as that of international law." Of all substantial considerations we esteem law, national and international, to be the most solid and stable; and we should as soon expect to hear a clergyman doubting whether men could be kept from theft, murder and adultery, by such "shadowy considerations" as the Ten Commandments, as doubt the habit and tendency of our countrymen to abide by the law. If the same attachment can be trusted on your side, we may yet escape this fearful peril, though not the moral consequences of its having been risked. It is not the thought of war, dreadful as it is—neither the loss of life, nor the other losses, nor the disturbance of intercourse, friendly and commercial, nor even the shame of warfare between peoples of the same blood and language, that causes the keenest pang in the prospect of what is coming. It is the grief of the failure of free government in your country—the discouragement of your disgrace, if your republic, from which wise and good men of three generations have hoped so much, should now be an outlaw among the nations. To be an outlaw among the nations is one of the only three possible issues, if reparation for this outrage is now refused. If success in a war with Europe and America were possible for your country (which all sane persons must know it is not), your nation will be isolated by its incapacity of sustaining international relations. The other alternatives are rescue and ruin. You will depose an Administration which has betrayed the country, or you will suffer wreck. Such is the crisis in which you stand. If you, the worthy citizens of a republic founded by such men as your political forefathers, cannot save the republic from such a fate as now impends, you thereby admit that the experiment of popular self-government has failed. If you can save the State, you will. But there is not a moment to be lost.

I had intended to write of Russian affairs, and French, and Italian; but you will be no more disposed to read than I am to write on any other subject than this handiwork of your domestic enemies. Will you cast them out?—or, will you let them extinguish the republic? H. M.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, Nov. 30, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE seizure of the Southern Commissioners, Mason, Slidell & Co., on board the British ship Trent, by the American war steamer San Jacinto, is now the absorbing subject with all politicians; and although yesterday some of the London papers, *The Times* included, suggested that the action of Capt. Wilkes was not unsupported by precedent, to-day we hear that the law officers of the Crown have given it as their judgment that it was the duty of the officer of the San Jacinto to take the Trent into some port where the case could be tried, if by any broad construction they conceived they had the right of stopping her—and that in taking the law into their own hands and making themselves at once the judges and executioners, they acted contrary to the law of nations. The great topic of the day in London has accordingly been whether the Federal government will make a sufficient apology and restore the prisoners.

It is clear that if any captain of a ship of war possesses the arbitrary power of interfering with the vessels of neutral nations in this high-handed way, uninterrupted commerce would be impossible. Whenever a war broke out between two naval powers, all other nations would be obliged to take part in the quarrel. I hope the American government will be able and willing to disavow this extraordinary act, which I regard as, next to the extraordinary tenderness for the darling institution of the slaveholders, the most amazing blunder committed by the North since the breaking out of the civil war. Admit that England is monarchical, aristocratic, anti-democratic, selfish—that the present generation of Englishmen are reasonably responsible for all the past tyranny of their forefathers in Ireland, and towards the American colonies; admit that we regard cotton with more love than liberty, and that our sympathies are with the slave-drivers of the South rather than the freemen of New England—admitting all these for argument sake, still the fact remains that England is a powerful empire, very well able to give blows in return for those she gets—that she has been a good while at peace, and is now as prosperous and powerful as ever. What sense is there in the Federal States, while engaged in one life and death struggle, wantonly beginning a quarrel with the greatest maritime power in the world, which really desires no better than to be at peace with them, and was never so fully persuaded at any former time of the costliness, wastefulness and folly of war? I am sure that the majority of the British people abhor war on grounds merely personal to themselves; but that in a case like the present, where the national dignity and honor are concerned, Lord Palmerston's power will be of short duration if he does not insist on reparation.

I am extremely sorry for the affair, for if it do not end amicably it will exceedingly complicate the difficulty of the Federal position. If you put this matter to yourselves, I am sure you will admit that if the San Jacinto had been an English ship and the Trent an American, there would have been no two words in the United States as to the course that should be adopted. It is remarkable that you, having been for many years past the principal neutral nation among all the great naval powers, the dicta of your own great legal authorities, which lean chiefly to the privilege of neutrals, are those that are chiefly referred to, and that, under your present circumstances, they militate against your apparent interests. Which is only fair and proper.

I have just been reading Gerrit Smith's speech in New York, published in the last number of THE STANDARD that reached me, and have been more impressed by it than by anything I have read for a long time. It forms a tremendous bill of indictment against the dishonesty, imbecility, or infatuation of the Washington government, and fully justifies all the distrust of the Northern cause that has ever been expressed in England. If the North succeeds, slavery stands a far better chance under the government of Lincoln and Seward than would be the case if the Confederates establish their independence. We cannot comprehend the sacredness of a war that respects the sacredness of an institution which has been the main cause of the struggle, and which, so long as it exists, must perpetuate strife under any settlement of the present contest. If slavery had been mixed up with the interests of a large and influential class in England, I don't suppose our conduct would be any wiser than that of your government. But this is not the question. The mean and evil character of the system render any compromise with it fatal to your best interests, and until this is felt by the influential portion of your population, I can see nothing but disaster, heart-burning and mortification in store for you. The fact that Gerrit Smith's resolution was carried in a large meeting in New York, by an overwhelming majority, is a hopeful sign; but it is most lamentable that the selfishness, blindness and negro hate of great numbers of the Northern people stands in the way of the only course which can possibly ensure victory at home and the respect of other nations. I regret that in a former letter I appeared to resent the charge which the Hon. N. H. Whiting made against us in his letter to Mr. Garrison—that great *ignorance* prevails amongst us respecting American affairs and institutions. Generally speaking, we are very insufficiently acquainted with the actual working of your very complex social system, and of the influences which for a long course of years have saturated your sects, parties, and social and commercial circles, with such a tenderness for a system at war with all your professions, and inimical, above all others, to your national greatness and prosperity. The minds of all classes here are more or less confused and confounded by the almost universal pro-slavery tendency of American testimony. The Southerners defend slavery—the Northerners apologize for it—and very few of our most educated classes know anything of American geography, American politics, or of the names that are household words amongst you. You would be amazed to find how little, generally speaking, we think about you until some such affair as this of the San Jacinto or the San Juan difficulty, or the determination to shelter your slave-traders from the visits of our African squadron, or threats to annex Canada, or to sweep "the fast-anchored isle" from her moorings, sets everybody wondering at the irritability, pugnacity,

extravagance and unreasonableness of the Americans. The very suavity and polished demeanor of "Southern gentlemen" has a powerful influence in conciliating the good will of our influential upper classes towards themselves, their interests, and their evidence. Sir George Stephen, an eminent laborer in the cause of British West Indian emancipation, declares flatly in his "Anti-Slavery Recollections," that all slaveholders are liars. He was speaking of our own West Indian interests, and if the maxim be true (as I presume it is), it is probably applicable to a larger circle; and thus the lies of Southern gentlemen find a ready acceptance in the English circles, to which they find an easy admittance. Most Americans until they visit us probably know little of the counties, cities and towns of England—of the varieties that exist between Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen and Welchmen—they do not know that within seventy miles of the desk at which I am writing the people speak a language more unlike English than either Greek or Latin—that Ireland is made up of the descendants of Celts and Anglo-Scandinavians, who have different ideas of religion, history and constitutional government. If you are generally thus ignorant about us, what wonder if we know as little about you; and that your desire to maintain a Union between vast territories occupied by two nations that are utterly different in all their notions about everything that men most value, is the cause of extreme astonishment and mystification. Under these circumstances, I am compelled to differ from my most valued American correspondents and friends, when they are so amazed that we do not cheer your government on with one voice of sympathy and admiration, whilst President Lincoln seems no less anxious than President Davis to prove his fealty to the main cause of all your difficulties.

Having just heard that the American correspondent of *The Economist* is well known to me as a gentleman of first-rate commercial intelligence, I have procured a file of that paper for the purpose of reading his letters. They do not give a flattering picture of the pecuniary resources of the South, but they represent the Southern army as rather larger than that of the North, and much more ably officered. He regards the subjugation of the South, from the unity and enthusiasm with which they act, and the marshy, uncultivated and difficult character of their country, as one of extreme difficulty, and as not worth the trouble it will cost. He thinks there is a large class of *your* "meaner whites," who are influenced by a sneaking regard for the South, from the intensity of their negro-hating and pro-slavery prejudices, and as likely to be rendered indifferent to the national cause by the distress and want of employment which will probably result from the continuance of the war. He says that from his own observation of the Southern States (nearly every one of which he has seen with his own eyes), an invasion of Russia would be a more feasible enterprise than an invasion of those States, "the fate of Napoleon's grand army to the contrary notwithstanding," and that it is this knowledge which gives the South such arrogant self-confidence. He declares that any one who has seen the interminable swamps, bayous, marshes, mud banks, monster tributaries, creeks, shallows and impassable roads of the South, cannot but be astonished at the ignorance shown by the Northern editors, who write as fluently upon the subject as if they were talking of a progress on the Hudson, through a friendly and well-settled country. When we reflect upon the enormous extent of the Southern States, covering an area equal to many of the most powerful and populous empires of Europe, and circumstanced as the correspondent of *The Economist* has thus described, and thinly peopled by a semi-barbarous population of unarmed blacks, and of ferocious whites more cruel and bloody than any other equal number of the same color in any part of the world, I own I would think it no great loss to be peacefully rid of them, and that if your people cannot make up their minds to deprive them by force of that institution which is the root of their degradation and your own sacrifices and sufferings, the sooner you cut the connection the better.

Referring to what I have said of the slaveholders' disregard of the truth, I am tempted to notice what seems to me a remarkable instance of the kind in the shape of a letter to *The Economist*, signed by "A person well acquainted with the Confederate States." In this communication he says that South Carolina produces five-sixths of the rice crop of America; 20,000,000 bushels of corn in 1860; 180,000 bushels more of peas and beans than all the Northern States, with the exception of New York; 1,740 more beef cattle, and 17,254 more hogs than New York; 25,137 more hogs than Pennsylvania, and 86,000 more than all the New England States; 10,000 more horses and mules than Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island together. That Virginia and North Carolina together produce 241,000 bushels of wheat more than New York; and Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee 115,000,000 of bushels of wheat, being 500,000 bushels more than Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, New Jersey and the New England States; that the slave States produced more beef, cattle, and 200,000 more horses than all the free States, with plenty more to the same effect. Who made all these calculations? How are they ascertained? And if they are true, how does it happen that four million of slaves (since the mean whites hate work and the blue blood don't work) have done so much more in the way of material production than all the energetic population of the free States?

R. D. Webb.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, Dec. 3, 1861.

Amongst the evils resulting from the maintenance, on the one side, and the toleration, on the other, of the accursed system of slavery in your dislocated and divided country, is that of a threatened war between the government of the United States and the government of Great Britain. But for slavery, peace would have reigned within your borders, and there would have been no assignable limit to your prosperity, your greatness, or your power to bless the world; your peace might have flown as a river and your righteousness have abounded as the waves of the sea. Your policy, your interests, and the objects of your ambition would have been identical. Such prejudices and narrow feelings as wide separation and difference in pursuits might have created, would have been rendered harmless by the pride of nationality, and that pure patriotism which would have been as strong on the Gulf of Mexico and the shores of the Pacific, as on the soil first trodden by the Pilgrim Fathers. As slavery was the chief difficulty at the time of the formation of your Union, so it is from that cause that the Union has ever been in danger; and to the same cause must it be ascribed, that you are now exhibiting to the world the appalling spectacle of a nation divided against itself—American at war with American—and that we have come to be embroiled in your affairs, and our people clamoring for an encounter of arms. It is slavery, and slavery only, that has made two nations out of a people who, else, like kindred drops, had mingled into one. By reason of slavery, your republic has, from the beginning, covered and included two radically distinct and antagonistic stages of civilization. Slavery has identified the Southern States with the feudal epoch of society. Slavery has caused the Southern States to continue alien to the spirit and progress of the rest of the country. Owing to the fatal compromises at the time of the Union—compromises so clearly stated and so eloquently deplored by John Quincy Adams—the two sections, at that point, started in their career in opposite directions, and have diverged ever since. Hence your present civil war, which is the natural result of an unnatural attempt to mingle good with evil.

Your Union was the offspring of the effort of statesmen to bind together periods of human progress widely remote, and states of society essentially irreconcilable. With all their wisdom, and nobleness of purpose, they went in the face of glaring impossibilities—they opposed the organic laws upon which alone communities can be founded with the prospect or hope of prosperity. As, by a fancied political necessity, the thirteen States at first, for better for worse, committed themselves by the act of union to a common destiny, and sought to blend elements which not only had no affinity, but were radically hostile; so it has only been by a series of humiliating and base expediencies, on the part of the North, that the bond has been kept unbroken for seventy years. By the existence of slavery, the South, from the beginning, has been divided from the North by a gulf of centuries.

Your present war furnishes to the people of the free States the justification and the opportunity, with the means to boot, of redeeming, reconstructing and regenerating the country. Let your government meet ours upon the question now pending, in the spirit of conciliation and peace—granting all the reparation (if any be legally due) which is consistent with the maintenance of national honor and dignity, and then declare, through Congress, the abolition of slavery, and all will be well. Do you seek effectually and forever to overpower the rebels of the South? They are slaveholders; abolish slavery, and there will be no slaveholders, but a contemptible minority of weak and beggared men, who will call upon the North to save them from misery.

I send you a sufficient number of newspapers to enable you to form a correct judgment respecting the state of English public opinion. I enclose you a leader from *The Times* of the 2d, which states the question in as clear and temperate a way as I have seen it done in any journal not representing the peace party. I should like you to find room for it in The Standard. I have reason to believe that the dispatch of Lord Russell contains nothing calculated to wound or irritate your government. I sincerely trust that Mr. Lincoln and his advisers will not be carried away by any unreasonable demands made upon them by the press or the people of the North. I am thankful the Legislature will be in session when the matter has to be discussed and determined. May God give wisdom and forbearance to that assembly! To-morrow, Mr. Bright, M.P., will deliver a speech on the American question, to an assembly of his townsmen in Rochdale. He will deal with the affair of the San Jacinto and the Trent—will refer to the expedition to Mexico—will touch on the subject of the blockade, and will vindicate democratic institutions from the charges brought against them by the Tories of this country. Those who during our Parliamentary vacation have sought to damage the cause of political progress, by exulting boasts of the failure of Republicanism on your side of the water, will find the falsehoods and fallacies they have so industriously promulgated handled with just severity by our great tribune.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Dec. 23, 1861.

The struggle goes on in Congress, on the slavery question, and so far the pro-slavery men seem to have the best of it. This is undeniable. There has not yet been a square vote, in the House at least, where the decided anti-slavery men have not been beaten. This does not really prove that the friends and apologists of slavery have a majority of a Congress of which two-thirds are Republicans. By no means. Yet it *does* prove that certain anti-slavery men in Congress, or men who *profess* to be anti-slavery, are somewhat remiss and negligent of their duty. There is a terrible fear of offending somebody from a border slave State. Just as of old, the fear is of slaveholders and slavery. But, as I remarked in a former letter, these preliminary votes are not certainly tests of the final action of Congress upon the subjects. Quite a number of Republicans, who can be relied upon to vote aright on any bills or measures affecting the institution of slavery, have not in these preliminary votes seen fit to go with the radicals. Their excuse is that they are not anxious to revive slavery discussions in Congress prematurely—that the force of events is doing more for the slave than any legislation can do for him now—but that they will, whenever it becomes necessary to decide certain important questions connected with slavery, which they admit *must* ere long be decided by Congress, vote honestly and squarely with the anti-slavery Republicans. As it is the province of the editor rather than correspondent to lecture men, I will leave these gentlemen with you.

The general progress of public sentiment in favor of crushing slavery out with the rebellion, it seems to me, is almost as decided here as anywhere else. The President ventures to treat Jim Lane of Kansas cordially! We all know Lane's sentiments on the subject of slavery, for he does not hide them under a bushel. The border State men in Congress call him the anti-slavery brigand! Yet the President actually tenders Lane an appointment as Brigadier-General in Kansas, and he, Lane, is to command a division of ten thousand good troops. Some think that Mr. Lincoln gives the appointment readily because he wishes to get rid of Lane in the Senate. Likely as not this is so, for Lane shows no mercy to the Administration whenever he believes it to be in the wrong. The pro-slavery hangers-on at Washington hate him as they do the Ten Commandments, but their hatred does him no harm. It is understood that Lane resigns his senatorship and goes out to Kansas to fight. The attempt to obtain that seat before he willingly resigned it was a failure.

Mr. Sumner, as you will have seen, is doing a brave work in the Senate. Scarcely a day passes on which he does not give slavery a hard blow. The members from New Virginia, or Kanawha, have taken his attacks upon the institution in a very bad humor. Each of them has made a bitter speech against slavery agitation and Abolitionists. When Senator Carlisle had finished his speech the other day, a Republican Senator remarked quietly, "A poor exchange for Mason!" The fact is, you can't cure a man educated under the influence of slavery of his love for the institution, though he may have no pecuniary interest in it for years. The ignorance engendered by slavery is not to be overcome at once. Senator Carlisle is a man of very fair abilities, but the brace of Virginia politicians—Carlisle and Willey—are a tremendous distance behind Mason and Hunter in point of talents and intellect. If we are to have bitter pro-slavery men in Congress, let us by all means have the Simon-Pure, educated article.

Mr. Sumner is now a leading man in the Senate, occupying the position for which his talents eminently fit him. The pro-slavery Senators complain sometimes that he keeps the picture of slavery constantly before their eyes, but, to tell the truth, it is very pleasant to an outsider to see these old tyrants obliged to sit still for awhile and hear things uttered on the subject of slavery which it is very unpleasant for them to hear. It will do them good, and whether it will or not, Sumner will not give them rest. To see men like Bright and Powell sit *still* when Charles Sumner charged Baker's murder on slavery was worth at least ten years of anti-slavery privations. The pro-slavery interest in the Senate is quite respectful, and does not indulge in the old-time bluster and parade.

In the House there is no man quite so mean, quite so ugly in his devotion to slavery as Vallandigham of Ohio. He is undeniably a man of first-rate talents; if he were not, he would have sunk long ago beneath the weight of his pro-slavery meanness. There is a diabolical smartness in the man. Good-looking, a ready debater, obstinate as ever Joseph Hume was in the British Parliament, and inveterately fond of defending slavery, slaveholders, and, it would almost seem, rebels themselves, he is greatly disliked by the Republican side of the House, and certainly is not popular with the Democratic members. He is too eager in his pro-slavery work to suit the Democracy even, and probably only pleases actual rebels. Another man of the same stripe in the House hails from Pennsylvania. Ancona is his name, and pro-slavery his nature. He, too, like Vallandigham, *seems* to delight in the defeat of the government and to rejoice over rebel victories. Since Glancy Jones, Pennsylvania has not had so mean a man in Congress, if my memory serves me right. Poor Glancy Jones! John Sherman's famous report mixed him up with Buchanan's favoritism and corrupt expenditures, and amid a hue-and-cry he went off the stage. To-day another report from a Republican Investigating Committee implicates some pretty high personages in or connected with the Administration. The difference between the Democrats and Republicans is this: in the days of the Buchanan Administration, the Democrats on the Investigating Committee, and in the House generally, endeavored to cover up the delinquencies of their Administration. But now it is a Republican Committee with a Republican Chairman, Van Wyck, which reports boldly and fearlessly against its own political friends. Give these Republicans (a few of them) credit for both courage and honesty.

President Lincoln begins to break down in his health, the pressure is so heavy upon him. The slavery agitation is a great trouble to him (so it is rumored), for while the leading Republicans urge a more decided anti-slavery policy, the Democrats, and especially the border State men, who are plenty as blackberries around the White House, are very fierce in their opposition to the adoption of such a policy. What can a man do when on one day, perhaps, Lovejoy calls in the morning to ask an anti-slavery policy, and Crittenden in the afternoon to beseech a pro-slavery one? Of course, your reply is—let him boldly cling to the right and let pro-slavery men go their way. But all men do not possess this power. All men are not self-reliant.

Let us be thankful that our cause does not rest upon men alone. God is directing men, and all will yet be well.

Avon.

The New England Society of New York celebrated its 56th anniversary on Monday evening by a dinner at the Astor House. Speeches were made by Wm. M. Evarts, the Rev. Drs. Adams and Storrs, Gov. Curtin, of Penn., Chas. Anderson and others, with a poem by John G. Saxe. Dr. Storrs responded to a toast in honor of the clergy of New England. In the course of his speech Dr. Storrs remarked:

"It was said in the South that New Englanders made wooden nutmegs and split up shoe pegs for oats, but upon his word he would rather come from where they made them than from where they bought them. None of our kindred, he believed, are stupid enough to buy a rat-trap for an alarm clock, or blocks of maple for Stilton cheeses (laughter.) . . . . It is sometimes said that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions. Yes, that is true, for God, on whichever side he is, makes the heaviest battalions (applause). We are anchored to our land by ties as many and as dear as any, but the thing that must be done for our national integrity will be done. If American slavery stands in the way, it must be buried so far beneath the waters of the gulf that it will never rise (applause). If slaves are in the way, free them" (great applause).

A letter was read from Secretary Seward, in which, after assigning his public duties as a reason for declining to attend the festival, he said:

"If it were an Old England dinner, instead of a New England feast, I would certainly strain a point to attend. I would like so good an opportunity to attempt to show our cousins across the seas that there is no material benefit or moral influence that can accrue to us that will not also increase the prosperity and greatness of Great Britain, and that every disaster that befals the United States is also pregnant with suffering and sorrow, sooner or later, to be borne by Great Britain."

The Morning Cometh.—[Extract of a private letter from Rev. James A. Thome (an endeared name to Abolitionists), dated Cleveland, O., Dec. 10.] I wish I could step into your sanctum, and inquire "Watchman, what of the night?" I think you will agree with me in this—that *the morning cometh*. How unutterably sublime are the movements of our day and land! Whether the war lags or quickens its pace, whether the cry be, "On to Richmond," or "All is quiet on the Potomac," the moral movement goes on with continually accelerated momentum. Bull's Run and Ball's Bluff disasters expedite *it* no less than Port Royal victories. And Port Royal victories unimproved are no less effective than if they were followed by the most vigorous measures; for Charleston, which Gen. Sherman might have sacked, God and the slave have swept with fire. So in the West, Fremont is displaced, but his Proclamation of Freedom cannot be revoked. It still sounds over Missouri. In this I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice, that, whether through envy and strife, or in good will, Liberty is preached.

The Wrong Title.—We observe that a pamphlet edition of Rev. H. W. Beecher's Thanksgiving Sermon has appeared in Philadelphia under the title, "The Honey in the Lion's Carcass." The text would indeed seem to warrant this, but in view of the peculiar "savor" which has gone forth from the sermon, and which has proved so delectable to all the enemies of freedom, we think a more appropriate title would be, "The Dead Fly in the Ointment."

—By the way, *The Evening Post's* Washington correspondent says:

"Henry Ward Beecher is shortly to be invited to preach in the Representatives' Hall. The Speaker and Chaplain were asked yesterday to give their consent, which they did gladly, and stating that they should be very happy to listen to the reverend gentleman. It is expected that when Mr. Beecher comes on to lecture before the new lecture club here, he will include a Sunday for the benefit of Congress."

If Mr. Beecher is indebted for this invitation in any degree to his newly-earned popularity with the opponents of freedom, and they are flattering themselves that he will strengthen their hands by a repetition of his Thanksgiving absurdities, we hope he will have the good sense to disappoint them.

Death of Prince Albert.—The latest advices from England bring the painful intelligence of the sudden death of Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria. On Tuesday, the day following the receipt of the news, the shipping of this port displayed its flags at half-mast as a mark of respect to [illegible] memory of the deceased and to the country of [illegible] so eminent and worthy a citizen.

Notice.—Members [illegible] American Anti-Slavery Society entitled to receive the Annual Report just published will have their copies forwarded by mail upon their remitting the amount of postage (in stamps or otherwise), viz.: *fourteen cents*, to Robert F. Wallcut 221 Washington Street, Boston.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

The time for the Annual Subscription Anniversary again draws nigh, and we look forward to it with pleasure, as the means of meeting familiar, friendly faces, and listening to earnest words of counsel and encouragement. Some say that other agencies are now in such active operation, that "the old Abolitionists," as they are called, can well afford to rest upon their oars, while others carry forward their work to its completion. We cannot view the subject in this light. Our mission is the same now that it was thirty years ago. Through many and strange changes, we have slowly but steadily advanced toward its fulfilment; but there are many indications that our work is not yet in a state to be safely left in other hands. We have been, and we must still be, a fire to warm the atmosphere of public opinion. More than a quarter of a century ago, the fire was kindled with generous zeal, and year after year it has been fed with untiring industry and patience. Not all the cold water that politicians, merchants, and ecclesiastical bodies could throw upon it has sufficed to extinguish the flame, or even to prevent it from spreading. The moral thermometer can never again fall to the old freezing point. In view of this, we thank God, and take courage. But who that observes passing events, and reflects upon their indications, can arrive at the conclusion that the fire is no longer needed?

It is true that blood and treasure are lavishly expended to put down a most wicked and sanguinary rebellion, the proclaimed purpose of which is to extend and perpetuate SLAVERY. But the government of the United States manifests, in every possible way, a vigilant carefulness to protect the claims of slavery, and politicians are continually announcing that the war has nothing to do with the cause of the war. There are now very few slaveholders who condescend to profess allegiance to the government; yet, small as is the remnant of that powerful and unprincipled oligarchy, they still appear to govern the counsels of the nation. The honest expression of the PEOPLE'S wishes is required to be suppressed, lest the utterance should prove offensive to this arrogant minority, so long accustomed to rule the majority. The people are full of generous enthusiasm for their country. If the polar star of a great idea were presented to them, they would follow it with eager courage through suffering and death. But it seems to be the aim of politicians to create a fog so dense that neither star nor sunlight shall glimmer through it to guide the millions, who are longing to be led in the right direction.

Is *this* a time to let the sacred fire smoulder on the altar of freedom? On the contrary, there has never been a time when it was more necessary to watch it with vigilance, and feed it with untiring activity.

We, Abolitionists, still have unwavering faith that "a straight line is always the shortest, in morals as well as in mathematics." Politicians are always in need of being convinced of this obvious truth; and they are peculiarly in need of it now. Let us, then, continue to work for the good old cause in every way that is consistent with our own conscientious convictions. Let us meet together, that our hearts may be cheered and our hands strengthened for whatsoever work the God of the oppressed may call upon us to do.

All those who have faith in the principles of freedom, all who believe that the effect of righteousness would be peace and security for our unhappy country, are cordially and earnestly invited to meet us at the usual time and place in Boston, in January next. [Particulars hereafter.]

Contributions, and expressions of sympathy, from friends at home or abroad, in person or by letter, will be most thankfully received; for we have great need of both at this most momentous and trying crisis.

L. Maria Child,	Caroline M. Severance,
Mary May,	Mary Willey,
Louisa Loring,	Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Henrietta Sargent,	Sarah P. Remond,
Sarah Russell May,	Mary E. Stearns,
Helen Eliza Garrison,	Sarah J. Nowell,
Anna Shaw Greene,	Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Sarah Blake Shaw,	Anne Langdon Alger,
Elizabeth Gay,	Eliza Apthorp,
Caroline Thayer,	Sarah Cowing,
Abby Kelley Foster,	Sarah H. Southwick,
Lydia D. Parker,	Mary Elizabeth Sargent,
Augusta G. King,	Sarah C. Atkinson,
Mattie Griffith,	Abby Francis,
Mary Jackson,	Mary Jane Parkman,
Evelina A. Smith,	Georgiana Otis,
Katherine E. Farnum,	Abby H. Stephenson.

Philadelphia Correspondence.—We regret that it is not in our power to publish this week a letter, received one day later than usual, from our Philadelphia correspondent. We will not anticipate its contents farther than to print these cheering words: "The Twenty-fifth Annual Fair of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, which was concluded last Friday evening, 20th inst., has, like all its predecessors, been a success." The intelligence conveyed in this brief sentence will give great satisfaction to the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society everywhere. So much for woman's pluck and perseverance.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Continental Monthly: *Devoted to Literature and National Policy*.—Such is the title of a new magazine the first number of which, bearing date, "Boston, January, 1862," has just reached us. It is commended to our favorable regards by its declared opposition to slavery and its advocacy of emancipation as the most effectual, if not the only, means of putting down the Slaveholders' Rebellion. We give the titles of the articles in this the first number: The Situation; Is Progress a Truth? The Edwards Family; Sonnet; The Green Corn Dance; Rosin the Bow; The Grave Yard at Princeton; Among the Pines; The Lesson of War; Ralph Waldo Emerson; Sphinx and Œdipus; The Actress-Wife; Song of Freedom; Across the Continent; What to do with the Darkies; The Slave Trade in New York; Literary Notices.

Some of these articles are worthy of special notice at our hands, but want of space forbids us to linger.

We certainly hope this new candidate for popular favor may meet with deserved success. The publisher announces that the February number will contain articles from Horace Greeley, H. T. Tuckerman, Richard B. Kimball, Bayard Taylor, J. W. Newcomb, Jr., and other eminent writers.—Boston J. R. Gilmore; New York: George P. Putnam, 532 Broadway.

The Rebellion Record, Part X. (Monthly Edition), brings the "Diary of Events" down to August 1st, and the department of "Documents" to about the same date. The editor of such a work must of course take time to sift facts from rumors, following in the publication the current of events at a considerable distance, and putting nothing on "Record" till it is verified beyond controversy. The work is of the highest importance, and will grow valuable with the lapse of time. This number contains portraits of Brig.-Generals Blenker and Rosecrans. New York: G. P. Putnam, 532 Broadway.

Music from the West.—We have received from Root and Cady, Chicago, three pieces of Music, viz.: "The John Brown Song, or Glory Hallelujah, with new and revised words" (see first page); "Nellie Lost and Found," one of a series of Songs and Ballads, by H. C. Work; "The Vacant Chair—'We shall meet but we shall miss him'"—words by H. S. N., music by George F. Root.

New "John Brown Song."—Our musical friends are referred to the first page for some new verses adapted to the "John Brown air," and far superior to those in general use. "Plebs," whoever he may be, has won the thanks of all who love the melody which will forever be associated with the name and memory of the hero of Harper's Ferry.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Church Anti-Slavery Society gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £5 from the Ladies Anti-Slavery Society of Dundee, Scotland. This, together with a donation of £6 from the same source previously acknowledged, to aid in the Moral War with slavery in the United States.

In behalf of the Church Anti-Slavery Society,

I. Washburn, Treasurer.

Henry T. Cheever, Cor. Sec'y.

Proceedings of Congress.

In the Senate, Dec. 18th, Mr. Sumner (Rep., Mass.) presented a petition from the citizens of Vermont for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law.

The resolution offered by Mr. Sumner, that the army shall not be used to surrender fugitive slaves, was taken up.

Mr. Sumner said he had various letters stating abuses of this kind in the army. Brig.-Gen. Stone was adding to his achievement at Ball's Bluff, by busying himself in surrendering up slaves. He (Gen. Stone) had made Massachusetts soldiers do this vile duty. The Governor of Massachusetts had already complained of this. This outrage must be stopped.

Mr. Cowan (Rep., Pa.) thought that the one great trouble was, that every General thought he must make up his mind as to what he will do in a contingency which never arises. He (Cowan) thought that Generals had no right to settle the question as to who was the owner of a slave, and that the whole matter should be left to the Executive, and need not be put on the statute book. The fact that the army were in the rebel States was sufficient. He thought that the Generals must take the natural result which comes with each fact, without a special legislation for emancipation or confiscation. They had nothing to do with these questions in the Senate, which were only keeping up angry agitation.

Mr. Sumner's resolution was then agreed to.

On the 19th, Mr. Sumner (Rep., Mass.) presented petitions, numerously signed, for the emancipation of slaves, with compensation to loyal masters.

Mr. Wade (Rep., Ohio) presented a petition from citizens of Ohio, asking that John C. Fremont be appointed a Lieutenant-General.

On the 20th, Mr. Trumbull (Rep., Ill.) presented a petition for the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, it necessary to save the Union.

Mr. Dixon (Rep., Ct.) paid a tribute to the memory of Gen. Lyon, and Mr. Foster, from the same State, also delivered a brief eulogy.

Mr. Trumbull (Rep., Ill.) reported back from the Committee on the Judiciary, the bill to abolish the United States Supreme Court, and asked to be discharged from further consideration of the subject, whereupon the Committee was discharged.

Mr. Hale (Rep., N. H.) said, with all due deference, that he thought the Committee had not acted up to their duty.

In the House, Mr. W[illegible] (Un., Ky.) presented the resolutions of the Kentucky Legislature in favor of relieving Ireland, in view of the probable famine there. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Julian (Rep., Ind.) offered a reso[illegible] that the Committee on the Judiciary be instru[illegible] report a bill so amending the Fugitive Slave law of [illegible] as to forbid the recapture or return of any fugitive from labor without satisfactory proof first being made that the claimant of such fugitive is loyal to the government.

Mr. Holman inquired whether his colleague would not consent to make the resolution merely one of inquiry?

Mr. Julian replied that he preferred the present form of his resolution.

Mr. Holman moved to lay the resolution on the table. Motion lost by Yeas 39; Nays, 78.

Mr. Wickliffe ineffectually appealed to Mr. Julian to so amend his resolution as to confine its operation to the citizens of States which have or may secede.

The resolution was them passed by Yeas 77; Nays 38, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Aldrich, Alley, Arnold, Babbitt, Baker, Baxter, Beaman, Bingham, Blair (Mo.), Blair (Pa.), Blake, Buffinton, Chamberlain, Clark, Colfax, Fred. A. Conkling, Roscoe Conkling, Conway, Cutler, Davis, Dawes, Delano, Duell, Edwards, Eliot, Fenton, Fessenden, Franchet, Frank, Gooch, Goodwin, Gurley, Hale, Hanchett, Harrison, Harper, Hutchins, Julian, Loomis, Lovejoy, McKeon, McKnight, McPherson, Mitchell, Moorhead, Morrill (Maine), Morrill (Vt.), Olin, Patton, Pike, Pomeroy, Porter, Potter, Rice (Me.), Riddle, Rollins (N. H.), Sergeant, Shanks, Shellsburger, Sloan, Sherman, Spaulding, Stevens, Thomas (Mass.), Train, Trowbridge, Vandever, Wall, Wallace, Walton (Vt.), Washburne, Wheeler, Whaley, White (Ind.), Wilson, Windom and Worcester.

Nays—Messrs. Ancona, Bailey (Penn.), Biddle, Cobb, Cooper, Cox, Cravens, Crittenden, Dunlap, English, Foulke, Grider, Harding, Holman, Johnson, Law, Lazear, Leary, Lehman, Mallory, Maynard, Menzies, Morris, Noble, Noell, Norton, Nugent, Pendleton, Robinson (Ill.), Shiel, Steele (N. Y.), Steele (N. J.), Vallandigham, Wadsworth, Webster, White (Ohio), Wickliffe and Wright.

Mr. Lovejoy (Rep., Ill.) offered a resolution, that the Committee on the Judiciary report a bill for the confiscation of all the property of all citizens found in armed rebellion against the government of the United States, and such as aid and abet the rebellion, and the unconditional liberation of their slaves, and protection of the slaves from recapture by rebel masters.

The House refused, by 52 against 60, to order the previous question on the passage of the resolution.

Mr. Vallandigham (Dem., Ohio) moved to commit the resolution to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Lovejoy moved to lay Mr. Vallandigham's motion on the table, and the motion was agreed to by 61 against 55.

Such action was thereafter taken as had the effect of laying the whole subject upon the table by two majority.

In the Senate, on the 23d, Mr. Sumner (Rep., Mass.) presented a memorial from citizens of Boston, stating that the freedom of the press had been abridged, and asking relief.

Mr. Wilson (Rep., Mass.) introduced the following bill:

Whereas, Officers in the military service of the United States have, without the authority of law, and against the plainest dictates of justice and humanity, caused persons claimed as fugitives from service or labor to be seized, held, and delivered up; and,

Whereas, Such conduct has brought discredit upon our cause and reproach upon our government; therefore,

Be it enacted, That any officer in the military or naval service of the United States who shall cause any person claimed to be held to service or labor, by reason of African descent, to be seized, held, detained or delivered up to any person claiming such service or labor, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be dishonorably discharged, and forever ineligible to any appointment in the military or naval service of the United States.

Mr. Chandler (Rep., Mich.), the bill increasing the number of cadets at West Point being under consideration, said: "He was ready to abolish West Point entirely. It was a cause of the rebellion. He said that a Southern officer stated at Montreal lately that there were enough old army officers in favor of the South now in the Federal army to prevent us ever acquiring a victory. We cannot rely on the regular army officers. He believed that West Point had produced more traitors than anywhere else since the day of Judas Iscariot."

In the House, on the 20th, the resolution offered on Friday by Mr. Wilson (Rep., Iowa), directing the Committee on Military Affairs to report a bill providing for an additional Article of War, by which all officers of the army shall be prohibited from using any portion of the force under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, and providing for the punishment of such officers by dismissal from service, was taken up.

Mr. Noell (Dem., Mo.) moved to lay the resolution on the table. The motion was lost. The resolution was then adopted, by Yeas 67; Nays not counted.

The bill making the duty on tea of all kinds 20 cents a pound; on coffee, 5 cents a pound; and on sugar, 2½, 3, 5 and 8 cents a pound, according to the quality, was passed, Yeas 77, Nays 29.

Mr. Morehead's (Rep., Pa.) resolution, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to report a bill providing that any person or persons engaged or employed in the present rebellion be forever rendered incapable of holding any office or trust under the Constitution and laws of the United States, was adopted.

Chronicles of the War.

Victory at Dranesville, Md.

There was a fight, on Friday, 20th inst., near Dranesville, on the upper Potomac, between a force of rebels, number not exactly known, and the third Brigade of Pennsylvania Reserves, Gen. McCall's Division. The fight lasted an hour, resulting in a complete victory of the Union forces. The enemy did not come into the open field, but lay behind batteries concealed in the woods. They fled under a charge led by Gen. Orde, throwing away their blankets, knapsacks, overcoats and arms of every description, and even the officers throwing away their swords and revolvers, and in some instances their coats. The loss of the enemy was at least 150 killed and as many more wounded. Union loss 8 killed 60 wounded.

Destruction of Charleston Harbor.

The correspondent of *The Tribune* on board the steamship Cahawba, off Charleston Bar, writes, under date of the 18th instant, that the stone fleet, consisting of at least twenty vessels, was to be sunk on the day following. The hulks were towed to a point about a mile outside the bar, and six-gunboats were ready to put them in position. It is more than probable, therefore, that the harbor of Charleston has been effectually blocked up, and its value as a seaport irretrievably destroyed.

Brilliant Success in Missouri.

Affairs in Missouri seem now to be marching on briskly and with a firm tread. In addition to the expedition of Gen. Pope into Clinton County, lately reported, another portion of his force on the 18th inst. surprised a camp of the rebels near Milford and Warrensburgh, in Johnson County; the rebels, after a sharp though brief fight, surrendered; Col. Davis, who was in command of our troops, took 1,300 prisoners, including three colonels, seventeen captains, 1,000 stand of arms, 65 wagons, 1,000 horses, and a large quantity of tents, baggage, and supplies. The loss on our side was two killed and eight wounded; that of the enemy is not stated.

Gen. Halleck's Policy.

St. Louis, Friday, Dec. 20, 1861.

En passant, the best friends of Gen. Halleck admit that that order was, at least, ill-advised; and even the most violent pro-slavery men who were pleased with it, laugh at the reason which was given for it. There is no fact more universally demonstrated by the experience of our armies in Kentucky, Western Virginia and Missouri, than that the negroes everywhere regard us as friends, and, with the slightest encouragement, will give us valuable information about the enemy, and afford us every assistance in their power. Your erudite cotemporary, who believes that the rebels could conceal from the slaves the passage of any emancipation act by Congress, evidently knows nothing of the rapiity with which all intelligence of this kind is disseminated among the negroes. In the march of Gen. Fremont's army across this State, the slaves everywhere were found to be fully cognizant of his Proclamation, and its subsequent modification by the President. —*Tribune.*

What the Army Thinks.

Extract from the private letter of a captain in the Sickles Brigade, dated

"Charles Co., Md., Dec. 15, 1861.

"If you were here you would be astonished to see how rapidly the army is becoming what is commonly termed abolitionized. The more our officers and soldiers see of the institution of slavery the more they detest it.

"Five months ago, ninety out of every hundred of the Sickles Brigade would have been delighted to mob an Abolitionist—now they want to abolish slavery, root and branch, which is so well known here that slaveholders are actually afraid to visit our camps for fear of personal injury and indignities at the hands of our men

"This war can never be prosecuted advantageously (on our side) until the march of our armies carries with it freedom to *all our friends*, regardless of color. Then the services of the negroes to us would be invaluable. The information they could and then *would* give us would increase our efficiency thirty per cent., to say nothing of the value of their labor, which would enable us to place in the ranks *all* of our soldiers, about ten per cent. of whom are now *detailed* to act as teamsters, cooks, hospital attendants, various modes of police duty, such as cleaning the camp, and other matters.

"The idea of a nation at war declining to receive the aid and services of four million friends, and that, too, in the enemy's country, is so absurd that we must be the laughing-stock of military men and statesmen in the salons of Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburgh, and throughout the whole of Europe. But events hasten, and ideas move rapidly in revolutions. Congress *will* ultimately pass an act abolishing slavery entirely. The people are for it; the Army is for it; the civilized world demands it; and the sooner it is done the better in the opinion of

Yours truly, B. P.

—*Tribune.*

Tract for the Day.—"The War and Slavery; or, Victory only through Emancipation," is the title of a tract of 8 pages, just published at this office. It is a reprint of an excellent article, from the pen of D. Plumb, which appeared in this paper a few weeks since, and which leading friends of the cause deem worthy of the widest circulation at the present crisis. It is not for sale, but for gratuitous distribution. Friends of the cause, who know where light is needed and would be welcomed in respect to the duty and policy of Emancipation under the War Power, are requested to call at this office at once and take as many copies as they can distribute judiciously.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

STANDARD AID FUND.

The Executive Committee acknowledge the following additional receipts:

Rev. F. Frothingham, Portland, Me. ($10 previously),	$20 00
Sarah D. Fiske, Hingham, Mass.,	2 00
Louisa R. Beal, " "	1 00
A Friend, " "	1 00
Baptist friend, Barnstable, "	2 00
G. B. Wallace, Low Moore, Clinton Co., Iowa,	1 00
G. W. Weston, " " "	1 00
Various friends in Western States (collected by Henry C. Wright),	88 00
Amanda Green, W. Winfield, N. Y.	4 00
James Eaton, " "	1 00
Amarantha Backus, " "	1 00
Samuel May, Jr. Leicester, Mass., to redeem pledge,	50 00

—The Committee regret to say that the sum required for the emergency is not yet received. There is pressing need of further contributions. Will not those who appreciate The Standard and have given us reason to expect their aid, forward their contributions at once?

Summary.

It turns out that the editor of the Toronto *Leader*, whose ferocious attacks on our government have given it notoriety, is named George Sheppard, who was late editor of the Washington *Republic*, late sub-editor of the Washington *Constitution*, late agent of the "Breckinridge Central Committee," late secession writer at Richmond!

Four editions of Mr. Sumner's address at the Cooper Institute have been issued, and over 22,000 copies sold. A new edition, intended expressly for circulation in England, has just been prepared. The New York Young Men's Republican Union are the publishers, and entitled to great credit for their enterprise, zeal and fidelity.

A Brave Black.—It seems that a black man was braver than all the white South Carolinians who ran away from Port Royal. One of the papers says:

"A slave owned by Mr. Pope secured all the horses of a battery abandoned by the Confederates on Hilton Head Island, and getting them into a flat brought them safely to Savannah."

Mr. Dion Boucicault's new version of "London Assurance" ought to be admired. That playwright, as our readers have already been told, had been for some time past performing the "Octoroon" at the Adelphi Theatre, in the Strand. Over the stage were hung the stars and stripes. When, however, the news of the arrest of Slidell and Mason set the English public raging, the facile Dion slily substituted for the American flag the stars and bars of the Confederate States. A drama illustrating the horrors of slavery performed beneath the protecting folds of the slaveholders' flag!—*Evening Post.*

Of Course.—It is said that the members of Congress who are opposed to confiscating the slave property of the rebels, will shortly introduce a resolution to prevent the confiscation of whips, chains and manacles, as these are necessary concomitants of slavery, and without them it would be useless to leave the rebels their slaves. It is rumored that Vallandigham and the Kentucky members will favor the resolution, as it would "irritate" the rebels to take their whips and manacles away, especially in the "border States."—*Chester County (Pa.) Times.*

The Report of the Van Wyck Investigating Committee naturally excites attention.—There is a rumor that Mrs. Lincoln is concerned in the Morgan speculation, by which a brother-in-law of the Secretary of the Navy has made between $90,000 and $100,000 in the space of four or five months. The way I heard the story gives an idea of what is getting to be the popular notion concerning "Madame President." Says some one, "I hear that another member of the Cabinet, besides Welles, is involved in that matter." "Who—Cameron?" "No; higher yet." "Seward?" "No; higher yet." "There is no higher." "Yes; Mrs. Lincoln!"—*Wash. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

Valuable Petticoat.—There is a petticoat at Washington taken from a rebel woman, that weighs fifty pounds. The garment is apparently a quilted one, but instead of the usual filling, it is thickly wadded with the finest quality of sewing silk of assorted colors, the skeins being carefully arranged in layers. It is provided with straps by which the weight may be supported by the shoulders. Sewing silk is one of the articles most needed, next to quinine, in the South. This is the second attempt at smuggling the article into Dixie by women that has been discovered.

A Sharp Word from a Colonel.—In an Iowa paper we find a letter from Col. Vandever, of the Ninth Iowa regiment (a member of Congress from Iowa), denying the statement that he had returned fugitive slaves to their masters. The Colonel is very emphatic in his denial:

"I say, then, emphatically, that I never have returned, and, God helping me, I never will return to slavery a fleeing fugitive. I would submit to be cashiered or shot rather than perform so menial an office. If I thought by engaging in this war for the vindication of our Constitution and our flag, the office of slave-catcher was to be superadded to the duty of a soldier, I would spurn the service with scorn and contempt."

Underground Railroad.—I think the track of the Underground Railroad must have been taken up and the Company disbanded, as the contrabands now reach this region without any such aid, and by a variety of routes heretofore closed to them. It is remarkable, too, they now travel fearlessly by daylight, fearing no man. But more singular still, I know three formerly rampant Democrats who were brought up at the feet of the slave-driving Gamaliel, who now have five newly-arrived chattels in their employment. The old party gall and wormwood having died out from their hearts, they look on these poor creatures as fellow-beings, treat and pay them well, and woe be unto that man's head who should undertake to play slave-catcher on their premises. I hear of others being employed on farms near the city. The old fear of arrest is entirely gone, and they labor in perfect safety. Here is unmistakable evidence of a total change in public sentiment even in quarters where subserviency to the slaveholders was most decided. The man would be a fool who would now undertake to catch and return a fugitive slave in Pennsylvania. Oh! that our military commanders knew how the people think and feel.—*Phil. Cor. Tribune.*

Ready to give up Slavery rather than the Government.—The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Frankfort, says:

The caucus, the other night, on Federal relations, resulted as I predicted in my dispatch that evening. The general tone was temperate; there was a disposition to ignore the vexations of the message and the war report as far as possible, and to uphold the government at all hazards. The resolutions condemn the policy of arming the slaves, but make no other allusion to Cameron.

A little incident that occurred during the caucus debate illustrates the temper of the members. The probability that the war would end in the destruction of slavery was alluded to. The strongest pro-slavery man in the Legislature, and one of the largest slaveholders in Kentucky, arose and said:

"As to that, sir, I wish to say here, in my place, that if the question comes to that, I will willingly lose every slave in my possession rather than see Kentucky prove false to the government! Perish slavery, sir! long live the government!"

And the declaration was received by that Kentucky caucus with a salvo of vociferous cheers.

Colored Men of Philadelphia.—At the head of this class in point of wealth stands Stephen Smith, formerly an extensive lumber merchant of Columbia, a man of great business tact and financial ability, and is reputed to be worth over $300,000. He is now an extensive real estate owner, the principal part of which is located in the city of Philadelphia. The next in order are the heirs of Joseph Cassey, who began life as a poor barber, and at the time of his death was worth $80,000. The late James Prosser left property valued at $40,000. He, for a number of years, kept the principal restaurant on Market street. The success of these men affords the abundant evidence of their sterling worth and great business capacities. Thomas Dorsey, the caterer, is estimated to be worth $12,000 to $15,000. C. H. Jones, and Henry Gordon, both public caterers, and Wm. Winters, a restaurateur, are each worth several thousands of dollars. These gentlemen all commenced life in the humble capacity of private waiters; and have by their industry, frugality, and economy, raised themselves to their present enviable condition.—*Chester Co. (Pa.) Times.*

Colored Youth in Boston Schools.—At the meeting of the Boston School Committee, Dec. 10, Charles W. Slack, Chairman of the Everett School, embodied in his quarterly report the following allusion to the colored children in the public schools. Mr. Slack submitted the report and bill to the Legislature of 1855, by which "separate schools" were abolished in Massachusetts: "Six years have elapsed since the Legislature abrogated the last distinction which this State has made in the education of her children—the separate colored school; and though Boston was the last to come under the sway of this advancing idea, she seems destined to be the first to bestow an appreciative meed upon the deserving colored child. Within this period, a new generation of colored youth has risen to receive the great boon of impartial school education; and it has been witnessed with satisfaction, that a colored girl of the Bowdoin School was designated, two years since, a prominent medal scholar, and that one of the brightest of the graduates of the Phillips School, a colored boy, was received with commendation into the English High School at the annual examination, the same year. Elsewhere, with gradual but steady progress, this race is reaching forward for the highest prizes of academic honor. In the Everett School, there are some six or eight of these children. A recent gathering in the hall of the school-house showed, on one side of the room, a white slave girl, ransomed a few years since, through the efforts of a Massachusetts Senator, and on the other, a sable daughter of one of the isles of the Southern Ocean, while between were youth of almost every nation and clime—Celt and Teuton, African and Asiatic—in happy emulation with the children of our more favored Anglo-Saxon race. That they were taught without prejudice, each stimulated by a proper competition with the other, and all cordially welcomed to the advantages of our inestimable system, it is not necessary that I should here assert." —*Zion's Herald.*

DIED.

Sloane.—At Geneva, N. Y., on Saturday, Dec. 21, at the residence of her father, the Rev. Donald McLaren, Mrs. Margaret C., wife of the Rev. J. R. W. Sloane of this city.

Special Notices.

Aaron M. Powell, Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture at

RED ROCK, New York, Sunday, Dec. 29.

Advertisements.

EDWARD GILBERT,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
NO. 60 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.

THE GUILT OF SLAVERY AND THE CRIME OF SLAVEHOLDING, Demonstrated from the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures. By Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans.
For sale at the Office of The Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York. Price $1. Postage 23 cents.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY HISTORY OF THE JOHN BROWN YEAR; being the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the American Anti Slavery Society—is published and for sale at the Anti-slavery Office, 221 Washington street, Boston; 106 North Tenth street, Philadelphia; and 5 Beekman street, New York. Price 50 cents.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL, written by herself, and edited by L. Maria Child; a work of absorbing interest, reflecting a clear light into the darkest recesses of slavery. Sold at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 5 Beekman street, New York. Price $1 00.

AMBROSE'S PATENT COAL OIL, NO-CHIMNEY BURNER for Portable Lamps, Lanterns, etc.—This burner has been very much improved, and now affords a light equal to four good sperm candles. The light is not as strong as that produced by the chimney lamp, but is softer, and more agreeable to the eye. It consumes less oil than the chimney lamp—one-half pint of good coal oil lasting twenty hours—and produces more light in proportion to the amount of oil it burns. It is free from odor, and crusts the wick very little. The light is magnificent in lanterns. The wick used in this burner is the five eighth, same as used in No. 1 chimney burner. In the fall, one with one inch wick will be made, designed especially for a stand lamp. A small lantern burner, with a single cap, under a later patent, will soon be in market. This is so constructed that it can be put into all the fluid and oil lanterns in use, and must produce an entire revolution in lantern light.
AGENTS WANTED—to sell the same. Persons, by sending to the inventor 51 cents in new postage stamps, can have one sent them by mail. Address J. E. AMBROSE, Inventor, Jersey City, N. J., Or 249 Pearl street, New York.

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

FRIENDS of the Union, patriots, generals, chieftains, men of power,
Ye wise in counsel, great of soul! in this tempestuous hour,
When traitors swarm on Freedom's soil and scoff at Freedom's laws,
And slay our sons who nobly fight for Freedom's holy cause,
Deal very gently with these foes who deem that might is right,
Lest they should say, good souls, that in our hearts we cherish spite.

What hate—what bitter, savage hate—they bear towards those who hold
That God made all men free, nor meant that they be bought and sold;
Have they not slaughtered Freedom's heroes from Potomac's shore
To where Missouri's prairies smoke with flames and reek with gore?
Yea, more! they'd pillage all our cities only to maintain
Their right to scourge and burn the slave, and weld anew his chain.

And yet, deal very gently with these foes that rave and frown,
These heroic Southrons, whip in hand, who tear our banner down,
And blasphemously call on God to help the tyrant's hands;
Touch not their "chattels" nor their goods, hurt not their cotton lands,
That better thus these traitors may our patriot legions brave;
And oh, be careful how ye loose the fetters of the slave!

Great God! how all the nations laugh to see our timorous zeal,
To see us marshal hosts, yet dread to smite Achilles' heel!
And lo! even Satan's fiendish crew shout with uncommon glee,
"Ha! ha! we feared the cause of Christ had won the victory;
But no; man still enthralls his fellow-man, and all is well;
They dare not free the slave, nor break the gyves we forged in hell."

* * * * * * * * *

Be giants for the right to-day, O statesmen great and true!
Be architects of Freedom; win another Waterloo—
A moral triumph sounding o'er the land with thunderous boom
The slave's release from bondage and the rebel's note of doom;
And say, "Not peace alone, but liberty and peace abide
With every soul, from Maine's wild woods to Rio Grande's tide!"

IRISH AND SCOTCH HUMOR.

From The North British Review.

WHETHER it is the fact, that our countrymen are deficient in humor, while Englishmen excel in humor, may admit of doubt. We are by no means prepared to acknowledge that the fact is so, notwithstanding the high authority of Sydney Smith, who was himself a man of humor, rich and rare. But of this we are satisfied, that the attempts to explain and account for the deficiency assumed as a fact, have totally failed. No satisfactory or even intelligible reason has yet been suggested, why Scotsmen should be inferior in humor to Englishmen. Such an explanation as that the Scottish people are poorer than the English, cannot be reasonably accepted. Riches do not create, or even stimulate, humor. The Irish peasantry are poorest of all; yet we are disposed to think that, in genuine humor, whether of the mirthful or the satirical order, they are superior to both English and Scotch. An Irishman is not, as is often supposed, a mere blunderer into fun. No man can seek occasions for humor. But when occasion comes, the poor Irishman is prompt and ready. There are some Irish anecdotes, the point and pith of which are generally supposed to be a blunder or bull, but which really turn on a stroke of fine natural humor.

An Irishman thus describes his [illegible] reception by an old friend: "I saw Pat Ryan t'other side of the way. I thought it was Pat, and Pat thought it was me; and when I came up it was neither of us."

A lad was sent with a note, and a basket containing some living partridges. On his way, tempted by curiosity, he peeped into the basket, when the partridges flew away. Much perplexed was he; but after a little consideration, he reclosed his basket, went on his way, and delivered the letter with his best bow. "Well, my lad," said the gentleman on reading it, "I see there are some live partridges in this letter." "Oh, by the powers," says Paddy, "I'm glad of that, for they flew out of the basket."

A traveller in Ireland, having been inclined to deny that the peasantry were humorous, was told to ask any question of the first laboring man he met on the road. Accordingly, on seeing a sturdy fellow breaking stones, he says, "Now, my man, if the devil were to come here just now, whether would he take you or me?" "Me, to be sure," says the man, "for he's certain of your honor at any time."

A poor Irish laborer had an impediment in his speech, and could not pronounce words beginning with the letter P without stammering. A neighboring gentleman, seeing him digging potatoes, and wishing to make him ridiculous, said, "What do you call these things you are digging?" "Sir," says poor Pat, "I don't call them; when I want them I fetch them."

A nobleman and his lady, walking through a magnificent avenue in one of the finest parts of Ireland, were accosted by a poor woman as follows: "The Lord bless your noble lordship and your gracious ladyship. I dramed a drame about you both last night. I dramed your lordship gave me a pound of tobacco, and your ladyship a pound of tay." "Ah, my good woman," says the peer, "dreams go by contraries." "To be sure they do," says the woman; "so it will be your lordship will give me the tay, and her ladyship will give me the tobacco."

A poor old Irish cripple sat begging at a bridge, urging his appeal to the charity of passengers with the eager and versatile eloquence of his country. A gentleman and lady—young, gay and handsome, with that peculiar look of gratified and complacent consciousness which indicates the first few weeks of married life—crossed the bridge. They regarded not the petitions of the beggar; so, just as they passed him, he exclaimed, "May the blessing of the Lord, which brings love and joy and wealth, and a fine family, follow you all the days of your life:" a pause; the couple passed heedlessly on, and the beggar, with a fine touch of caustic humor, added, "and never over take you."

Dean Ramsay tells us of a Scotsman whose tender toe was trodden on: the offender said, "I'm very sorry, sir; I beg your pardon;" and the only acknowledgment was, "and you've as muckle need, sir." To our mind, there was some surliness and not much humor in this. The Irish beggar who, on being refused alms, swung his crutch on the toes of the gouty gentleman, whom his prayers moved not to charity, had more humor, when he said to the enraged owner of the suffering foot, "Bless your honor; if your heart was as tender as your toes, you'd have given me the tenpenny."

A miller, laughing at the witnesses of a poor weak lad, said he knew nothing. "Na," said the lad, "there's some things I ken, and some I dinna ken." On being asked what he knew, he said, "I ken a miller has aye a gay fat sow." "And what d'ye no ken?" said the miller. "Oh," said he, "I don't ken at wha's expense she is fed."

The congregation of Lunan, in Forfarshire, had distressed the minister by their habit of sleeping in church. One day Jamie Fraser, an idiot, was sitting in the front gallery, when many were slumbering around him. "Look," said the minister, "you see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna been an idiot, I would have been sleeping too."

The clergyman of a north country parish, on coming into church, found the pulpit occupied by the parish idiot. "Come down, sir," was the peremptory and indignant call. "Na, na, minister," says the idiot, with a confidential wink, "just come ye up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and faith they need us baith."

The following anecdote of Rab Hamilton, "the daftie of Ayr," as he was called, is not, we think, quite as well given by Dean Ramsay as we remember it in our youth. In the days of Rab, the Newtown Kirk in Ayr, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Peebles, was supposed to be attended by the most devout part of the population; and puir Rab followed the multitude of those who preferred the preaching of the good man whom Burns mentions as "Peebles frae the Water-foot," to that of the "auld-town minister." One day, however, Rab was induced to go to the "Auld Kirk." Behind the magistrates' seat in the gallery, opposite the pulpit, there were iron rails, between two of which Rab's head was inserted, and got fast jammed. The poor man called out at first rather quietly, then louder and louder on each successive appeal, "Oh! my head! Eh, Provost Cowan, take my head out atween the rails; eh, Bailie M'Taggart, my lugs are bleeding—take my head out; eh, Deacon Convener, take out my head, afore it comes aff; eh, pious congregation, my head will be aff; eh, godly minister, help me, and take out my head." Rab was at length relieved by the moving of a rail; when, rubbing his head, and looking mournfully around him, he groaned out, "This is a judgment from the Lord for leaving gude Dr. Peebles." Next Sunday, Rab was in his wonted place in the Newtown Kirk. He was asked how he liked the Auld Kirk, and replied, "It's no the best, it's no gude ava: I'll never leave Dr. Peebles';" but, on being pressed to state what the sermon was about, or what was the text, he declined to speak, saying, with a knowing wink, "I never tell in ae house what I hear in anither."

This Rab Hamilton, though certainly daft, had a curious readiness of humor. Mr. William C——, of D——, who was a clever mimic, was once amusing some friends on the green of Ayr, by imitating Rab's feeble and rambling mode of speaking. Rab came up behind him, unseen, and, as the mimic concluded, clapped him on the back, saying, "It's no me that; it's no me, Mr. William, it's yoursell."

Rab was once met on the road by a stranger, who asked, "How far is it to Ayr?" "Ay," says Rab, "you'll be come from Kilmarnock?" "What on earth is it your business where I come from?" "Very weel, sir, as little is it my business where ye gang to."

Rab met the late Mr. Ramsay Maule (afterwards Lord Panmure) and Lord Belhaven, walking together on the race-course of Ayr. "I'm a Hamilton, your honor; I'm a Hamilton," says Rab, approaching his Lordship. "Give him a shilling, Belhaven, he is a cousin of yours," says Mr. Maule. "My mither's name was Ramsay," says Rab, slipping round to the other side, and getting another shilling as his reward.

In like manner, there is frequently humor in the observations of very young persons; and these derive the charm of their pleasantry from their artless simplicity. A very little girl at school, in the course of tuition by a particular ugly teacher, was asked, "What is the meaning of the word flattery?" Her reply was, "Gin I were to say ye were bonnie, that would be flattery."

A man of short stature and most uninviting countenance, with the peculiar expression now claimed by Mons. du Chaillu as that of the gorilla, purchased a property in a western county of Scotland, from whence he strictly excluded trespassers. Some one sent him a large monkey, which he kept about his place; and a boy having been entrusted with the delivery of a letter, and having found the monkey at the house door, was somewhat alarmed; so he threw down the letter and ran off. On his way down the avenue, the boy met the new laird, who angrily demanded what he was doing there. "I had a letter for you, sir," says the boy. "Well, give it me." Ah, but I gave it to your son, sir," replied the trembling laddie. "My son, you little rascal; I have no son." "Weel, sir, I canna say for that, but he had an unco leuk o' yoursell."

A "minister's man"—one of a class of persons of whom many anecdotes are told—was following the minister from the manse to the kirk on Sabbath afternoon, when the minister, glancing back, perceived a smile on the face of his old attendant. "What makes you laugh, James? it is unseemly. What is there to amuse you?" "Oh, naething particular," says James; "I was only thinking o' something that happened this afternoon." "What is that? Tell me what it was." "Weel, minister, dinna be angry wi' me; but ye ken the congregation here are whiles no pleased to get auld sermons fra' you, and this morning I got the better of the kirk session ony way." "And how was that, Jamie?" says the minister. "'Deed, sir, when we came out o' the kirk this forenoon, I kenned what they were thinking; and says I, 'Eh, but you canna ca' that an auld sermon this day, for it's no' abune six weeks since you heard it last.'"

The Rev. Dr. McLeod was proceeding from the manse of D—— to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district, —bright, smooth, and of reddish-brown—accosted him. "Dr., if you please, I wish to speak to you." "Well Duncan," says the venerable Doctor, "can ye not wait till after worship?" "No, Doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience." "Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses." "The matter is this, Doctor. Ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is in my mind very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord." "Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!" "Eh, Doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had any hair." "Oh Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?" This settled the question; and the Doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

GEN. PHELPS'S PROCLAMATION.

GEN. PHELPS's proclamation furnished a new sensation day before yesterday. There is a good deal of good sense in it, and compared with the proclamations of Dix and other slave-catching Generals, it is the perfection of common sense, but it is a very ludicrous affair for all that. There were at first three theories about it: 1st, that it was a hoax; 2d, that Phelps was crazy; and 3d, that Butler's hand was in it. There was a touch of Butler's radicalism about workingmen, and of his later anti-slavery doctrines; but the Butler theory was soon dismissed. It was also soon known that the document was genuine; and the crazy theory seemed to be the only possible solution of the mystery. And I learned yesterday that Gen. Phelps has been, in former times, insane. After all, however, the most radical defect in the proclamation consists in the fact that it does not proclaim anything; does not tell what the General and his command are going to do. The greenness of its author in supposing that the Administration which revoked Fremont's proclamation, and which allowed Dix's nonsense to go unrebuked, would sustain his anti-slavery doctrines, is also noticeable. So the incongruity and surprise which makes everybody, radical and hunker, laugh at the Vermont officer, consists, after all, in the fact that the good sense which he utters will find no response among those who are in power. This is not the General's fault, certainly. He gives them a chance to learn, and I think it quite possible, and indeed pretty certain, that Phelps will be more popular and less laughed at a month hence than now. His document is addressed to the "loyal citizens of the South-west," and he does not seem to make any distinction of color. Dix and Sherman, and all our other pro-slavery proclamation-makers have set out with the idea that the only persons to be addressed were the slaveholders, or, at least, the white people. Out of the 12,000,000 of people in the rebel States, the government and the Generals have totally ignored all except the 350,000 slaveholders, who are the head and front of the rebellion, and whose conversion is as improbable as the conversion of the Jews to Christianity. Phelps, with admirable sense, recognizes the fact that the material out of which to restore loyalty consists of niggers and niggerless whites, and he talks to them very plainly. Sherman toted his proclamation for several days all over the region which his pickets could cover, and did not find a white man who would read it, and he did not know enough to give it to the blacks. Phelps, if allowed to send his document to the mainland, could hardly make so miserable a failure of it as *that*. There is a general and very proper demand that a stop should be put to the proclamation business. Mere speech-making and resolution-making in Congress, that is, speeches and resolutions which do not tend to legislation, may as well stop. Vallandigham, who seems to have got the notion that he was the leader of the House, as indeed he seemed to be for some days, was appropriately snubbed when he offered his mischievous resolutions concerning Mason and Slidell. Such a movement, from such a source, ought to, and no doubt will, teach Congress to be prudent in all matters pertaining to our foreign affairs. Charles Henry Foster, the representative from Mr. Marble Nash Taylor's Hatteras government, has also got his quietus, though Carlisle, who squats in the Senate as the representative of Virginia, is still allowed to make quasi-secession speeches there. The country will rejoice at the passage of a resolution by the Senate disapproving of the course of officers who catch negro slaves and return them to their masters; but it will be remembered that a similar resolve was passed by the House at the last session, and no notice was taken of it. An act ought to be passed forbidding and punishing it. I suppose Gov. Andrew's letter to the War Department on this subject had particular reference to a transaction which lately occurred in the 20th Regiment, now under the command of Lieut.-Col. Palfrey. It appears that Gen. Stone, who seems to have rendered himself the most infamous of all the slave-catchers in the army, sent to Palfrey a description of two negroes who were wanted by their pretended owners. Palfrey handed the order to Lieut. Macy. In the course of the same day, a party of negroes came into the camp to sell pies and cakes. Macy beckoned two of them, answering to the descriptions, to come into the guard-house; put them in charge of a file of soldiers, and they were marched off. Another officer told Macy that he had disgraced himself and the regiment. About the time this slave-catching operation occurred, Macy was promoted to a captaincy, and it is probably fortunate that his exploit was not known before the commission was asked for. In the 21st Regiment, Col. Morse, there have been some disgraceful occurrences of a similar character. Lieut.-Col. Maggi, an Italian, upon being requested by Morse to return some fugitives, made the noble answer, "I am a soldier of the Union and not a negro-catcher!"—*Bost. Cor. Springfield Repub.*

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

A VISION OF 1861.

[*The Guardian Spirit of America and the Despots of Europe watching events.*]

TIME—*April.*

Despots—(*Pointing to the United States.*)

BEHOLD that Inflation!
We said so at first;
Its trial is failure,
The bubble has burst!
The rule of the people—
A rope made of sand—
Falls apart at a touch:
Only kings can command.

Guardian Spirit:

O hear those sounds that rend the skies!
As with one heart the people rise;
From Northern shops and Northern farms
Come minds and hearts as well as arms;
Ye little know this triple power,
Which Freedom makes the freeman's dower,
Nor how his loyal heart and hand
Shall vindicate his glorious land.

TIME—*November.*

Despots:

Just think of Bull Run
When of prowess ye speak!
Of the slaves ye return
When of freedom ye shriek;
Of your true men displaced,
When of wisdom ye tell,
And of traitors in office,
If treason ye'd quell;
Now learn, foolish people,
From Europe the way;
There is strength in old titles,
And monarchs must sway.

Guardian Spirit:

In tears of blood I've wept the past,
But suffering teaches truth at last:
And now, I hear another sound
Fill all the trembling air around;
It wails from homes where never more,
Like sunshine through the open door,
Shall come again the young and brave
Who proudly marched to fill a grave:
Like pent up fires beyond control,
It bursts from woman's loyal soul;
On prairie vast, by hill and dell,
Wherever true and good men dwell,
From sea to sea, it shakes the land
With tones no rulers dare withstand:
"Remove the *cause* of all this woe,
Deal slavery now a final blow,
Its time is full, God's angels call,
Freedom for each, or chains for all!"
I've waited long this sound to hear—
'Tis victory's peal, the end is near,
Vox populi vox Dei here.
No stroke is lost when brave men fight
Squarely for Freedom and the Right,
And, for all time, I see them quell
This treason born of nether hell.
On poor Missouri's bleeding breast
I see glad peace and freedom rest,
And fair Virginia, fresh, arise
A Phœnix from her sacrifice.
I see free labor bring new bloom
To Santee's shores, round Jackson's tomb;
I see free schools and presses throw
On Southern night a quickening glow;
I see cementing Freedom stand
And knit, for aye, the severed land,
While, loud and sweet, Hosannas rise,
By angels echoed through the skies,
To which a gladdened world replies.

When the angel was silent
There shone on her face
A beauty resplendent,
An infinite grace;
And the despots, despairing,
Turned quickly to fly,
With gnashing of teeth,
From the light of her eye;
For they saw that to Freedom
The ages belong,
And the land that is free
Is the land that is strong.
But while I was gazing,
In floods of broad light
The angel and vision
Were lost to my sight.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1861. A. P.

THEODORE PARKER.*

From The London Inquirer.

A REMARKABLE article has appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for October 1st of the present year. It is entitled, "Un Réformateur Americain Théodore Parker, et ses écrits." The author is M. Albert Reville, pastor at Rotterdam. We cannot but hail as a most happy index of the progress of religious thought among our neighbors the appearance in the leading review of the Continent of a paper like this, in which Theodore Parker is pronounced to have been a "true prophet," "the inspired preacher" of an imperishable faith. Equally removed from Catholicism and Calvinism, from the shallow Deism of France in the last century, and the vague, narrowless Pantheism of later Germany, Parker stands as the representative of a faith which alone seems to offer shelter for the religious sentiment of mankind in the intellectual cataclysm which is approaching. "For us, as well as for the Americans," says M. Reville, "for us, also, at the moment when all the traditions of the ages are crumbling around us, when we ask with anxiety whether they will not crush under their ruins alike those who defend and those who destroy them, for us, also, Parker is a prophet of hope and consolation."

We cannot, in the limits of a newspaper article, attempt to give any analysis of the excellent paper before us. It embraces both an able critique on Parker's writings, and a very touching account of his life and labors—that noble life of self-devotion from whose rich ground sprung all the harvests of his thoughts. No mere orator or theologian, he was a worker even more than a thinker; a reformer and philanthropist as much as a scholar and a philosopher. Many of his reviewers have criticised him as if he were a sort of German theological spider, spinning systems out of his brains in his dusty library, far removed from all the real struggles and needs of humanity. They have pictured this Elijah not in his own prophetic mantle, but in the narrow Genevan gown or priestly cass[illegible] to their small judgment, alone beseeme[illegible]lergyman, and *then* they have professed [illegible] scandalised because the garment fitted not [illegible]d was rent in shreds while the strong man thundered against the Baal-worshi[illegible] the popular theology, and poured the storm [illegible]ndignation against the oppressors of th[illegible]re was, indeed, a wonderful and most rare [illegible] Parker's whole life and works. The great [illegible] which he taught of the absolute religion had beforehand penetrated his whole being—he seemed to live always in the light of God's love, and to be able to work for his fellows with the unwavering faith and tireless energy of one who actually beheld in vision the foregleams

"Of that great world of light which lies
Behind all human destinies."

Though the last man in the world to claim faultlessness for himself, he was yet to all human eyes absolutely faithful to the resolution of his boyhood, to consecrate himself to God's immediate service, and if men *cannot* "gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles," then, indeed, must the root of that most fruitful life have been a sound one. In America, the land where, beyond others, the privacy of domestic life is invaded by public inquisition, this man lived out his allotted time—a mark for thousands of inimical eyes, yet beyond the arrows of calumny, and those who knew him best said that the words they heard over his grave seemed as if intended for him—"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." The lilies, which were his favorite flowers, and which loving hands laid on his coffin, were not misplaced thereon.

We must leave it to our readers to study for themselves all that M. Reville has justly said on the subject both of Parker's unique character and of the merits of his writings. We desire only to add a few observations respecting some points of interest which we think the critic has failed to notice in each subject.

In the first place, the noble intellect of Parker was even surpassed by the warmth of his affections. The great head was second to the great heart. He loved his friends with a devotion of which men rarely give an example, and his tenderness to his wife and all around him broke out in a thousand little cares and thoughtfulnesses continually. Again, the element of pure joyous wit and humor was overflowing in him. We have seen letters to his intimate friends as full of playful fun as Sydney Smith could have penned. One we remember, for instance, in which he answered his correspondent's accounts of a journey from Rome to Naples, by *his* remarkable discoveries and antiquarian speculations, on a trip down the railway, two stations from Boston! In another he parodied some foolish over-illustrated biography by extracting all the little woodcuts of advertisements of houses, steamers, etc., from the newspapers, and introducing them solemnly as "the House he was born in, "his Berceaunette," "his Perambulator," and finally "his Mother," being the well-known lady with half her hair dyed, and the remainder grey! All this versatility gave an inexpressible charm to Parker's character. In conversing with him, one chord after another was struck, and each seemed richer and sweeter than the last. At one moment he was told, perhaps, of some results of his labors, or some poor backwoodsman wrote him a letter (we have seen many such), saying how his sermons were the food of the better life to the writer, and the rough comrades who assembled weekly to hear them in their log huts in the Far West. Then Parker's eyes would brighten, and the tears start to them, till he turned the subject to hide his emotion; and in a moment he would jest like a boy at some passing trifle, with peals of the freshest laughter. And growing grave again as some deeper subject opened, he would pour out his strange hoards of learning, all arranged, as he spoke, in his own orderly fashion, as if he had beforehand constructed a table of it all in his memory. Then would come strong masculine arguments, reply and rejoinder, Parker always "stating his major" for every syllogism in the way peculiar to him and old Hugh de St. Victor—a way, perhaps, which would be safe to few talkers in matters of theology!—"God is infinitely good. Now, what follows?" Never far away were noble, sacred words of love and faith. One of the most religious women we ever knew said to us, "It was good only to see Mr. Parker in his church on Sunday; it made us all know that *he* felt the presence of God; we saw it in his face, so full of solemn joy, as he rose to lead our prayers."

The doctrines of Parker's philosophy were more original than we think M. Reville has perceived. The key-note was struck in his discourse, p. 174, *et seq.*, where he demonstrates that God must be present and active, not only in all matter, but in all spirit; that He is forever working in the souls of his creatures, his *moral* action being what we call Grace, his *intellectual* action, Inspiration. From this great doctrine there followed many necessary deductions. 1st. The universality and normality of Divine inspiration in all times and nations, subject to the natural limitations of the recipients and their faithfulness to the light afforded. The greatest of all prophets was he who best fulfilled all the conditions under which inspiration is granted to man, and therefore enjoyed it in a greater *degree*, though the light in every human soul was the same in *kind*.

"That same great inspiration through all the ages rolled,
Breaking through Moses' tardy lips and Plato's mouth of gold."

2d. The veracity of any idea (such as that of the Immortality of the Soul) which is common to the whole human race when under normal conditions of development. It must be thus "written on the consciousness of man by that Hand which writes no falsehoods." 3d. The fallibility which must adhere even to the highest instances of Inspiration given to fallible beings, a *fallibility* which perfectly corresponds to the *peccability* still remaining in the highest instances of Grace.

From these and a few other equally clear corollaries from the original doctrine a system of theology and ethics perfectly self-consistent and homogeneous was developed by Parker. If the first postulate was granted (and it is hard to see how it can be denied by any believer in a Personal God), the entire theory inevitably followed, and with it a faith differing essentially from traditional Christianity on the one hand, and the elder Deism on the other. It differed from traditionalism by repudiating the authority of any book, except so far as its inspiration was ratified by our own consciences bearing witness to its truth. In other words, of the three bases of religion logically possible—a church, a book, or individual consciousness corroborated by the consciousness of all the wise and good, Parker took his stand on the last alone, leaving the Church of Rome on the first, Calvinism on the second, and all the intermediate Churches shifting between the three. Again, he differed from the Deism of the eighteenth century by insisting on the real and constant intercourse between God and man—not between a mere "Great First Cause" and his uncomprehending creature, but between the Father of Spirits and His children. Parker intensely believed that profoundest truth which we hear so often stigmatized as "mysticism," but which is, indeed, the life-blood of all religion, the truth that between us and God an actual communion is possible, that our prayers can reach His infinite heart, and that He gives us real strength, light, forgiveness, comfort "by His spirit in the inner man." Thus, while Deism was at best a frigid philosophy, Theism, as Parker taught it, is a religion. Nay, more; it is a religion havi[illegible]philosophic basis on which to rest all the nob[illegible]hich holy souls have held dear—God, [illegible]nal Law, and Prayer and Immortality. [illegible]test of all such truths, the one of which [illegible] was especially the prophet, was that of the Absolute Goodness of God. Too long have the creeds of Christendom attached to the Divine character the mere *name* of goodness, while they have represented God's dealings to have been such as we could hardly attribute to the most unjust and cruel of human tyrants. The words "good" and "merciful," when applied to God, have almost come to bear as little meaning as the titles "His Sacred Majesty," applied to Charles II., or "His Celestial Highness," to the Emperor of China. But Parker taught that God's goodness is *our idea* of goodness, only transcending and surpassing it as the heavens are higher than the earth. God is absolutely, infinitely, eternally good; not only good to angels, Jews, and Christians, a few elect out of a lost world; not good in Time, and tremendous in the "day of Wrath," when time shall be no more, but good to all, good forever, able and willing to bring back at last every creature He has made to be folded in His eternal love. Theodore Parker was a nobly gifted and nobly devoted man in many ways, but his greatness in future ages will, we believe, rest on this: that God revealed Himself to his faithful soul in his most glorious aspect, that he preached with undying faith, and lived out in his consecrated life the truth he had thus learned—the *Absolute Goodness of God*—the central truth of the universe.

The death of such a man was necessarily worthy of his life. As he said years before, in his own "Sermon of the Immortal Life," "It is selfish to sigh for death when there is so much need of us here." He did not wish to die. A short time before the end approached, he wrote, "I would fain remain a little longer—the world is so interesting and friends so dear!" It was to the present writer, in a private conversation, he made the remark, quoted by M. Reville: "You know I am not afraid to die"—and here a smile, the most beautiful we ever saw, broke over his face—"You know I am not afraid to die, but I would fain have lived a little longer to finish my work. God gave me great powers, and I have but half used them." *Half* used them! And he said this on his death-bed, whither he had been brought down in the prime of manhood by *over* use of them—by the utter sacrifice of his health and strength in the cause of truth and right! We cannot regard such an end otherwise than with solemn thankfulness that God allows such men to live and work and die amongst us, to show us what we also may do even in this life, and to raise our thoughts to what *must* be the life to come for souls which have made earth itself a holy place. His most gifted countrywoman reached Florence too late to pay to her great fellow-abolitionist a last tribute of the respect and regard which outstepped all limits of creed. At her request the writer gave her all the details of his last hours, and repeated (doubtless with faithless tears) the words above quoted; adding, "To think that life is over—that work is stopped!" "And do *you* think," said Mrs. Stowe, raising her eyes with a flash of rebuke, "do you think—did *he* think that Theodore Parker has no work to do for God now?"

When it was all over, we saw him lying, as it were, asleep—a pale hectic flush still on his face, and his head resting under a crown of the rich pink and white roses of Tuscany. The strong man dead in the flower of manhood seemed only slumbering on a warm summer's day. Never was the "rapture of repose" more legible on the face of death. It seemed as if God had said, "Well done, good and faithful servant! Well hast thou spent thy talents ten times ten!" A few days later we followed him to his grave, in the beautiful Campo Santo of Florence, under a sky as cloudless as his faith, and where the cypresses, like nature's spires, stand pointing from a bright world below to a yet brighter heaven. As we passed along the banners were hung from every window for some victory or festival, and the people were passing in throngs to the churches, whose bells were pealing joyfully. At first it struck like a dissonance to our hearts, and then we thought what Theodore Parker had been and still must be; and we said, "For us, too, this is a Festa-day—the solemn Feast of an Ascension." F. P. C.

* We print this article, not on account of what it says upon points of theology, but as a tribute, which Abolitionists of every class will be glad to see, to the memory of one of the noblest and bravest servants of the anti-slavery cause.—*Ed. Standard.*

HIPPOPHAGY IN ALGIERS.—At Algiers, a few days back, a considerable number of high public functionaries, superior military officers, judges, and clergy, partook in the saloon of the theatre of a grand banquet, the greater part of the dishes of which were composed of horse and ass flesh. The object in getting up the feast was to combat the popular prejudice against such food. The different dishes were dressed in the French style, and declared excellent. One of them consisted of a young ass roasted whole. After the dinner suitable toasts and speeches were delivered. One of the latter was by M. Decroix, veterinary surgeon of the 1st mounted Chasseurs, who maintained that horse flesh is very nutritious, and that the general adoption of it as an article of food would present many advantages.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE POET'S TOMB.*

THE Poet's tomb! where is it? is it where
Sweet Florence bends her cloudless skies of blue,
Where through her steepled heights the balmy air
Chants its low dirges for the loved and true?
The Poet's tomb rests not with thee,
O sweetly dreaming Italy.

The Poet's tomb! where is it? sunny France
Dropped her sad tear above the brave,
Hushed her glad music and the merry dance,
To twine her laurel for the Poet's grave.
Child of the sun! tis not with thee,
Nor sweetly dreaming Italy.

The Poet's tomb! where is it? name the clime,
The sacred soil, green grove, or rocky strand;
Where is the Poet's hallowed shrine,
Is it here in my dear native land?
The Poet's tomb! 'tis not with thee,
Nor yet with dreaming Italy.

The Poet's tomb! where is it? everywhere,
Where'er the sweet-toned living lyre is heard,
Where rythmic numbers fall upon the air,
Borne from the breathing of the Poet's word.
Her common clay may rest with thee,
O sweetly dreaming Italy.

But the great Poet's living tomb—the shrine,
Which makes the heart grow faint, the tear to start—
'Tis given not to any land or clime,
'Tis graven deep within the human heart.
With all the world alike with thee,
O sweetly dreaming Italy!

* Mrs. E. B. Browning.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

BOSTON, Thursday, December 19.

THE foreign intelligence disturbs people here not a little; but there is a general unwillingness to believe that two such worthless scoundrels as Mason and Slidell can cause a war between the two most enlightened countries on the face of the globe. There is a dash of humor in the idea of England insisting that our quarrel is a mere quarrel of sections and for power, and involving no principle, while she insists on war because Capt. Wilkes, with a boat's crew, has detained a British mail packet two or three hours, and seized two contraband passengers. Nothing can be more shabby than the conduct of England towards us from the outset of our difficulties, and probably nothing more foolish than the conduct of the United States towards England. The influential classes in England were naturally against us, and desirous to be confirmed in, and to find excuses for, their hostility, and we have been stupid enough to give them confirmation and excuse. It can hardly be that there are not many people in England who see that this war is in reality a struggle between freedom and slavery, but scarcely a man except John Bright has shown any appreciation of the fact. Even Harriet Martineau, who knows nearly everything, shows a total lack of sense while dealing with our affairs, in her letters to THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and the Earl of Shaftesbury has to be rebuked in good set terms by his friend Mrs. Stowe, for his stupidity. If educated and intellectual people like them, who are naturally inclined to favor the North as against the slaveholders, cannot see evidence enough of the moral character of the conflict, why should the mob of earls and cotton spinners be expected to see any clearer? It was our business to enlighten them. It may be very dignified, very sublime, for Mr. Seward to say to England: It is none of your business what this quarrel is about; it has nothing to do with slavery at any rate; and we positively forbid our ambassadors to offer any explanation of it, making any capital for us, dissipating any misapprehensions and refuting any falsehoods which Yancey & Co. may tell; but dignity and the moral sublime were never more out of place. It is not true that it is none of England's business. It is the world's business. In these latter days, people as well as Cabinets and kings discuss and take an interest in the causes and the continuance and the result of wars between hostile nations. The press is as powerful an engine as Parliament or Congress. And there is absolutely no excuse for Mr. Seward's neglect of the press and of other means of enlightening the British public. With the aristocracy and the cottonocracy against us, and no reliance but the people of England, we have refused to conciliate or to enlighten that people, and so the Ocracies have it all their own way. I am not now saying that we ought to have emancipated the slaves long ago, though this would unquestionably have put a stop to all foreign troubles; but we might at least have let the world know that it was a quarrel, more or less distinctly defined, between free and slave institutions. Within the last two months the English people have had the opportunity to read four official and semi-official documents in relation to our war; two on each side of the question. I refer to the speeches by Mr. Adams and Mr. Yancey, in London, and to the messages of President Lincoln and Jeff. Davis here. Not a word about slavery in either! For all the English public could gather from the documents, the quarrel might be about the potato rot or the relative circulation of the N. Y. *Herald* and *Tribune*. I am not excusing the conduct of England. If matters are pushed to extremities she is utterly without excuse; but our own folly is equally conspicuous and equally inexcusable.

PRICE OF JUSTICE IN RUSSIA.—It was some time before we were so far righted as to be able to go on, and then, when we were making up lost time, and overtook our friends with their sledges, numbering probably a hundred, in a long line on the one solitary track, it became necessary to pass them if we would not be kept at a snail's pace for many hours. But the passing was not easy. The whole line must draw close to one side, and in some cases into the soft snow, and this for a long time the men refused to do; it was a difficult job, involving risks to some, and the road was theirs as well as ours. The Russian baron, who was one of us, at length lost all temper, and began to swear as only a Russian can. Being cold and hungry, exhausted and much shaken, he was anxious to get some shelter, especially as night was now closing. Oaths having no effect, he lost the last glimmer of polish, and came out the born Tartar that he was. Dragging the cudgel from my hand, he began belaboring with all his might the men and horses, dealing blows right and left, and compelling the men to draw up to one side as fast as we came up. For an hour this lasted, before we had passed all the sledges. "There, you, *canaille!*" he cried as he struck. "Take that! Give the road, you lazy vermin! Make room, you pigs! I am a baron; don't you see? A friend of the governor's! Sons of dogs! Defilement of the earth! Your mothers are beasts!" and so forth. This was his gentlest style, while the blows fell in a shower. Forty or fifty men submitted to all this; grumbling but cowed; they took the blows and insults of this one man as dogs take their master's kicks; they were serfs; he was a baron. After he had recovered his seat and his breath, and had wiped the perspiration from his head, he turned to me and asked, with an air of national pride, "What do you say to that, me lort?" "I say that, had you struck the poorest of my countrymen in that manner, they would either have boxed you into a jelly, or they would have tied you to a sledge until they reached the first town, and then given you up to a magistrate for an assault." "Oh, as to that, I should soon get away from a magistrate. A little money would soon do that." "Indeed! I can tell you that your whole estate, with a dozen like it, would not buy one of our magistrates." This assertion only caused an incredulous laugh, and a remark from the baron that he could buy any country magistrate in Russia for fifty kopecks (1*s.* 6*d.*)—*All the Year Round.*

LIQUID MARBLE.—A French correspondent announces that M. Jobard, of Brussels, has invented a composition which, when moulded and hardened, is not to be distinguished from marble—not the veiny, greasy stuff in use for chimneys and vases, but the pure and spotless Carrara, transparent, polished and hard as the real substance taken from the quarry. This marble, which is to be prepared for the sculptors in a liquid state, will, like many other artificial inventions, possess an immense advantage over the natural production itself. It can be moulded on the plaster figure, and thus, instead of having to hack and hew the shapeless block with great pains and labor, the artist will henceforth realize the genuine impression of his cast at once, and, with scarcely any further exertion, bring out his creation with all the freshness and vigor of the first idea. The invention, which has created an immense sensation in the world of art, is due to a practical chemist of Brussels, of the name of Changy, the same skillful practitioner who discovered the divisibility of the electric light, and the miraculous draught of fishes by means of the chemical light which is sunk at the bottom of the sea. M. Jobard, whose word cannot be doubted, pledges his honor that the table on which he writes has been composed by M. Changy's process, and possesses every quality of the finest marble; and that, after having submitted various specimens of the substance, both black and white, to every chemical test in use, he has come to the conclusion that the composition of marble is no longer a secret of Dame Nature, and that man has at length learnt to rival her in the most cunning of her works, while Art will rejoice at beholding her sons freed from the laborious toil which has hitherto rendered the sculptor's profession so difficult of pursuit.

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